

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

### KARL UNTHAN

#### THE MAN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST FATE

A Valiant Spirit Set Free for New Adventures

#### WHAT WAR DID FOR HIM

By Our Hungary Correspondent

A few weeks ago there ended, with the death in Germany of an old man of 82, a life story so extraordinary that it is worth a passing record here.

Karl Unthan had the terrible misfortune of being born without hands or arms. As his parents were poor he might easily have become one of those pitiful encumbrances on the face of the Earth, a crippled beggar living on the chance charity of strangers. But he was, from the first, too good for such a fate.

#### Fame and Fortune

He quickly learned to use his feet as others use their hands, and before he was eight he had taught himself to play the fiddle. This marvellous feat brought him a scholarship in the famous musical academy of Königsberg, where he made such rapid progress that all his teachers encouraged him to become a professional fiddler and start on a world tour of concerts. But his modesty or his sense of humour made the boy choose a career less ambitious and less out of harmony with his physical disability. He became a music-hall performer.

He drew crowds wherever he went, and soon he was a star of the first magnitude, with a name known in two continents. His musical genius, coupled with his uncanny proficiency, brought him fame and a fortune, but his indomitable courage and his shining spirit brought him what he prized much more than these, a friend.

And what a friend!

#### A Long Friendship

On one of his voyages to the United States he met on the boat Gerhart Hauptmann, the great German writer, and the two men were so attracted to each other that they formed a life-long friendship. Some years later the boat on which they had met went down at sea, and this event made so deep an impression on Hauptmann that he wrote a novel about it and put his friend into it as one of the chief characters.

Time went, and after a while came the war, with all its curses, sweeping away all this brave man's hard-earned fortune just as old age came on. The last years of his life were spent in poverty, but this did not embitter his valiant spirit. The days which brought him an occasional letter from his old friend Gerhart Hauptmann were red-letter days to him, the only red-letter days, until that last red-letter day of all which set free his valiant spirit to seek new adventures somewhere beyond our ken.

### Salute the Happy Morn



Carol singers at the Royal Merchant Seamen's Orphanage at Wokingham



Some of the choir at the Foundling Home at Redhill, Surrey



Boys of Chetham Hospital, Manchester

The singing of Christmas carols is a custom which probably originated in the medieval plays concerning the Nativity. These joyous songs express more than anything else the feeling of gladness and goodwill that reigns at Christmastide.

### THE BEES AND THE RATES

#### A FARMER'S CLAIM

The Busy Insect's High Place of Honour in the World

#### NEW ZEALAND'S CLOVER

There is no end to the interest of the bee. Because he keeps bees on a large scale an Oxfordshire man has had his rating assessment reduced.

Pleading that he is a bee farmer, the owner of the largest stock of bees in the country, he claimed that he should be assessed as a farmer.

The claim led to considerable discussion, but in the end the argument was accepted that there is no difference between an ordinary farmer and a bee farmer if the bees are kept in sufficient numbers. The bees won the day, and their owner secured a reduction of his assessment which should make next year's honey all the sweeter to him.

No other insect in the world has claimed such attention from literature, science, and law as the bee. It has an honoured place in the Bible, it is the subject of magnificent writings in the classics, it meant sugar to our ancestors before the sugar cane was brought from East to West.

#### Making Sour Apples Sweet

No one can say how much in hard cash the bee represents to the food supply of the world. It is known that a few hives of bees can make all the difference between loss and gain to the fruit-grower. That is so even in England, where orchards are small compared with those of warmer lands. In Japan, however, the introduction of European bees has meant that sour apples have become sweet.

We ought not to forget that our humble bees, although they yield us no honey, help to feed and clothe us. New Zealand had no natural pasture for the sheep which England sent her, and so we had to furnish her with clover seed. The clover grew well, but, as there was no natural fertilising agency, it grew as an annual crop and not perennially, as in England, so we had to send cargoes of humble bees to fertilise the clover flowers and give New Zealand a permanent clover supply.

This was done all in the way of humdrum business, and the outcome is that New Zealand mutton and wool are among the staple riches of the colony and an indispensable source of supply to the Mother Country.

#### ALL TO HER

One of the simplest wills ever made, written across a photograph, was described the other day at a lecture by a London accountant. Written across the photograph of a lady were the words "I give it all to her." When the testator died the photographic will came into court and was held to be valid.



## FOUR MEETINGS WITH TOTO

### A YOUNG CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

No Idea of Money, No Sense of Time: Only an Ordinary Lad BUT THE ANGELS LIKE HIM

By a Travelling Correspondent

The first time I met Toto was at lunch, in his beautiful home in Switzerland. His mother introduced him to me as a student of Lausanne University. "He wishes to be a writer," she explained, "but, alas, he is not very keen on work."

The second time I saw Toto he was running half naked from the other end of the garden; he had just had a sun bath. His mother waited by the car near the gate, with a watch in her hand. "This is quite like him, you see!" she exclaimed; "that boy promised to be ready at three to drive me down town, but one can't rely on him. He knows nothing about punctuality."

#### Five Francs for the Kinema

The third time I happened to meet Toto he was in the veranda of his house after dinner. He joined us quietly, with his hat on:

"Mother dear," he began, "may I have five francs?"

"Five francs? What have you done with your week's allowance?" asked his mother.

Toto pondered.

"Well," he said at last, "I lent ten francs to Jean Florent, for the poor fellow had not a penny left; then I paid back what I owed to Pierre Pelot; and I had those two days in Geneva, of course. There was also the box of sweets I had promised to take to Marjorie at school."

A famous film was on at the kinema that night, and Toto got his five francs and flew away. "This child has no idea of what money means," said his mother; "I never seem to give him enough."

Now, dear mother of Toto, let us recall the fourth time I saw your son. It was on one of those fine afternoons at Jongny, and we were picking zinnias. Suddenly a motor-cycle roared into the drive. Toto jumped off, and rushed in crying: "I have saved the lives of two men! I have saved two men!"

As we all thronged around him with questions he could not answer; he was greatly stirred, and it was only at dinner that we learned about it all.

#### Cries For Help

"Let me tell you in a few words," said Toto; "then we won't speak of it any more. I was lying on a raft with friends when we heard cries for help. Someone was in danger of being drowned. I leaped into the water, swam frenziedly to the spot, and what do you think? There was not one but two men struggling together. The second had gone to help the first and a strong current had dragged them both. A heavy blow separated those men at once, and allowed one to swim off. Then the other remained, a big fellow, who clung to me as an octopus to its prey. I sank with him at first. We sank rather deep down, but, rapidly conscious of the situation, I knocked him on the head, gathered my forces together, and kept us both afloat until a boat came. What a wonderful experience!"

Toto refused to be questioned about it again. None of the two men knew who he was. No papers have told the story until the C.N. tells it now.

Indeed Toto may not be keen on work, and may not be conscious of time, and may have no notion of money; but I think the angels like him.

## A FLYING MAN'S THRILLING JOURNEY

### A Box of Nitro-Glycerine

Aviation in Canada takes at times some rather unusual forms.

Their flying men's activities include forest patrol, dusting forest and fruit trees, bringing people to the hospital from isolated districts, or taking supplies of serum long distances in a short time. But Captain Freddie McCall of Calgary has made, perhaps, the most adventurous flight of all.

One of the oil wells in the Turner Valley was nearly finished when at a depth of 5650 feet they struck a difficult place and decided to use nitro-glycerine.

#### A Deadly Cargo

Dangerous explosives like this cannot be transported by the railroads, and as it was the beginning of winter the roads were not in condition to take it 250 miles from Shelby by truck. So they asked Captain McCall if he would take it by plane.

He took it.

It meant two trips, and elaborate precautions were taken. A large box was placed in the cabin of the plane, with ten rubber containers. Into each of these containers was slipped a ten-quart can of the dangerous explosive, and the box was lashed securely in place. Both trips were made successfully and the nitro safely delivered.

The task of flying for nearly three hours with 100 quarts of instant death would try the nerve of most men, but Captain McCall is not a nervous man. His friends sum up his character in the words: "He always lights three on a match."

## A HOLE IN THE SEA BED

When the great submarine earthquake of last month, which originated off the Eastern coast of the United States, made its tremors felt all over the world, it broke telegraphic cables joining America to Europe, and set great liners shuddering from stem to stern.

That was not all. It left a pit in the sea-bottom, a chasm which one Transatlantic captain, Captain David Bone, of the Anchor liner Transylvania, believes to be fifty miles across.

The hole began, according to soundings, at a point about 150 miles East of Nantucket where the Atlantic bed used to be a flat and uniform 600 feet below sea-level.

Captain Bone began soundings there because the prevailing bad weather made his position uncertain. He failed to find bottom, and for a distance of 50 miles his lead never reached the ocean bed which used to be there.

## THE FIRST TOC H

The ever generous Sir Charles Wakefield has bought Toc H at Poperinghe for the British nation.

This house in Flanders was the birth-place of a work which has spread all over the Empire and has 91 branches in London alone.

Toc H is the Army Signaller's sign for Talbot House. In memory of Gilbert Talbot, killed in the war, a house was opened in Poperinghe where soldiers of all ranks could rest and could attend services in an upper room.

The men who got to love Toc H, that haven in the very heart of the battle zone, determined to keep its spirit alive after the war.

Its spirit is Service. The young men who are members, from the Prince of Wales downward, have all vowed to do some job to make this old world a happier, safer, healthier place. They believe it cannot be done without the help of Jesus.

It is good to think the first Toc H has been saved for the world.

## THE ELECTRIC EYE IN THE PAPER MILL

### One More Wonderful Thing

Almost every month we read of some new task set to that wonderful little glass bulb the electric eye, which can turn a ray of light into an electric current.

The strength of the current is always in exact proportion to the strength of the light, and, as electric currents can be accurately measured, it has been found easy to measure very feeble beams of light with the help of the electric eye (known to scientists as a photo-electric cell).

A big paper mill has just found that the exact weight of the paper manufactured can be measured by light. A beam of light is thrown through the paper while it is running along the machine, and some of the light, of course, passes through the paper. The light passing through falls upon a photo cell, and its strength is recorded on a measuring instrument. If the paper is too thick too little light will reach the photo cell; if the paper is too thin too much light will pass through.

The slightest variation in thickness of the paper is thus recorded, and the mill can keep the weight of its paper within the finest limits.

## THE C.P.R.E. SHOW

### Keeping the Country Beautiful

The countryside exhibition of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is on its tour.

All over England it is teaching people to look with seeing eyes at the difference between ugliness and beauty. We congratulate Mr. Harry Peach, who has organised this travelling show and manages it from Leicester.

Sixty towns and villages have been visited by these exhibitions during the year. The different requirements of Women's Institutes, village clubs, Rotary clubs, and many other societies and schools, such as Eton College, have been met by four pictorial exhibitions of sizes ranging from 240 feet long, when hung, to 36 feet.

Photographs and lantern slides of blatant Aunt Sallys, the hideous "ribbon development" in building, the ugly petrol stations, litter, and the work of cleaning up litter, are shown side by side with examples of good modern buildings, orderly garages, and so on.

Already the good work has borne fruit. Many eyesores have been removed through the publicity given to them by these exhibitions.

## MARATHON'S COLUMN

The mountains look on Marathon. And Marathon looks on the sea.

In Constantinople has stood for 2400 years a bronze column of three serpents intertwined, a memorial to that stand of the Greeks at Marathon which held back the Persians in one of the decisive battles of the world.

Some criminal lunatics have lately broken off part of it. Constantine brought it, when it was an antiquity 800 years old, to adorn his new capital of Constantinople. It stood there secure through the reigns of all the Byzantine Emperors, and when the Turks took Constantinople they respected it.

It seems incredible that in these days there should be people to perpetrate such imbecility as to break something that everyone would preserve. They are of the same type as those pitiful creatures who cut the cushions of railway carriages or scribble their names on monuments.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Gemini . . . . .	Jem-e-ny
Odysseus . . . . .	O-dis-use
Scythia . . . . .	Sith-e-ah

## DR. JOHNSON'S ATTIC

### The Chain With Which He Fastened the Door

London is to keep for ever the house which was the home of one of the greatest Londoners of all time.

Dr. Johnson said "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life." We may say "When London grows tired of Johnson she will be fit for death." There was never a wittier, wiser, braver old bear than the stout tea-drinking man who wrote the greater part of his famous dictionary in the attic of 17, Gough Square.

He lived there from 1748 to 1759. It has been bought by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, who has given it to the nation. "We have the stout chain at the hall door," he says, "with which as we cannot doubt he often barred out furious publishers and importunate duns; the staircase, intact in every particular, that has so many times creaked to his footstep as he made his way up to the Dictionary Attic; the panelled walls that have resounded to his laughter and his prayers—what more can his most enthusiastic follower desire?"

Johnson House is not to be a gloomy museum. It is furnished cheerfully, with honest, hard-wearing, seemly household stuff, such as Johnson would have approved. Moreover, lovers of literature still gather in the famous attic to talk about books, for the House is the home of the Whitefriars Club.

## 95 IN THE PULPIT

### A Sheffield Young Man

A Sheffield correspondent sends us a note on another grand old man.

He is Mr. Joseph Dyson, and we see from an announcement that he was preaching the other day at one of the principal Sheffield churches. Yet he is 95, two years older than Sir William Hart Dyke, and one year older than Alderman Mellors of Nottingham.

Mr. Dyson has been preaching since 1860, and he has had some small congregations, but we feel sure that he had a big crowd at Fulwood Wesleyan Church the other day. Much strength and more power to him for a long time to come!

## THINGS SAID

There should be universal access to all public libraries. Mr. R. McColvin

Bad handwriting costs us many thousands a year. Manager of Harrods

Slums are as foul a crime against God as any crime of the war.

Mr. George Lansbury

Charing Cross is the proudest site in the greatest city in the world.

Captain George Swinton

People will do anything to save a few minutes, but what will they do with them? Dr. Cyril Norwood

There should be a chain of people's colleges right across Britain.

Mr. Arnold Rowntree

I have just seen a champion bore; it is always interesting to see the top dog of a new species. A publisher

On my umbrella is the inscription: Stolen from F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P. That brings it back.

Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P.

Toc H is the only movement I know which would bring 1000 young men to Communion in one church on a Sunday morning. Lord Forster

Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom. Jesus



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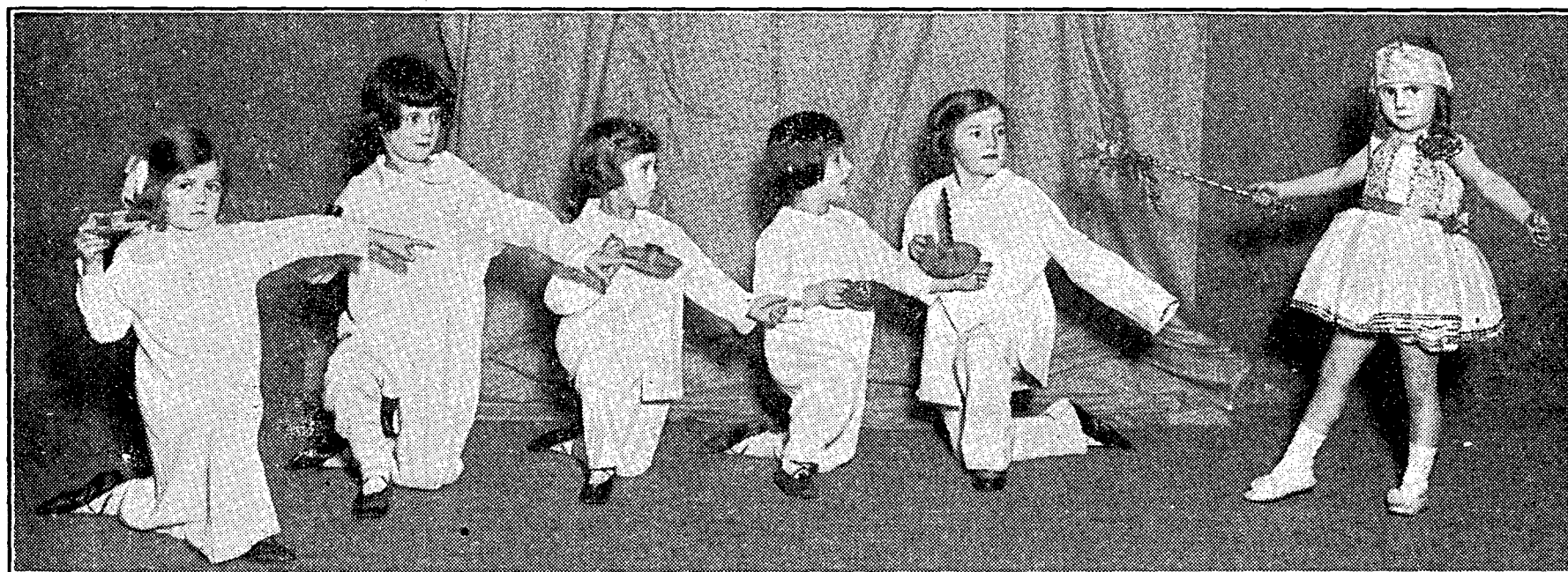
# THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS ON LAND AND SEA AND IN THE AIR



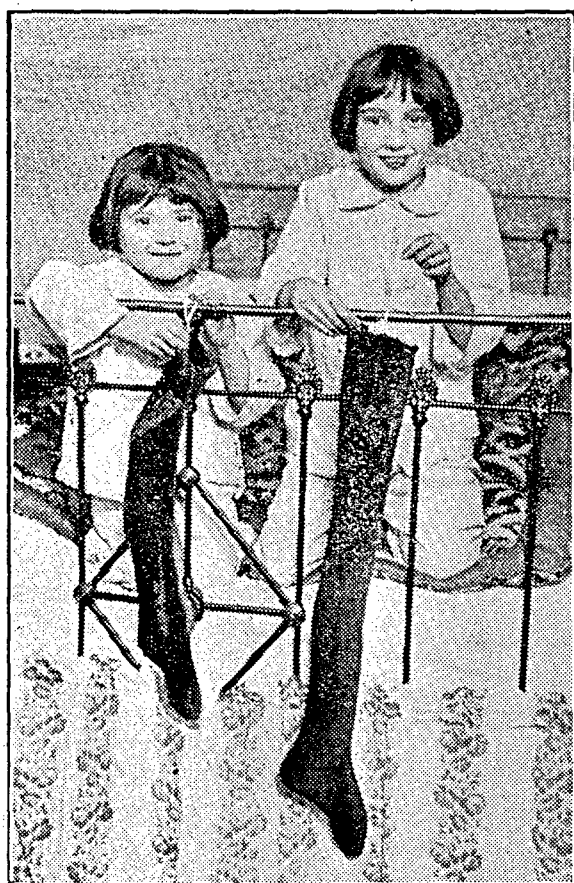
**Boy Chefs at Sea**—Great passenger liners of today are really floating hotels and on some of them boys who wish to become chefs serve their apprenticeship. Here is the scene in a kitchen on the Berengaria when apprentices were helping to stir the Christmas pudding.



**Bringing in the Yule Log**—Going out in search of holly for Christmas decorations these children found a log and decided to imitate the old custom of bringing home the Yule log. Their dog willingly entered into the fun as a deputy for the horse.



**The Bedtime Ballet**—These little pupils of a London dancing-school recently gave a display in aid of St. Dunstan's. The dance shown in this picture was called Good Night.



**Christmas Eve**—The old ceremony of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve will never lose its fascination for children. What will Santa Claus leave for these two little people, we wonder?



**Christmas Morning**—Some children find their presents on the Christmas tree instead of in stockings. These children cannot wait until they are dressed to see what is waiting for them.



**A Parting Gift**—The last few days before Christmas are usually a busy period on the air lines. Here we see a friend handing a Christmas pudding to the pilot of a parting machine.



## OLD FRIENDS PASS BY Three Cheers for a Good Ship

### THE FINE TRADITION OF THE SEA

A passenger arriving by sea from Liverpool to London on the good ship Southern Coast, which makes the journey every three weeks, describes a rousing scene.

As the Southern Coast steamed past the Girdler lightship in the lower Thames the crew of the lightship started cheers that must have left them hoarse. A man with a cornet blew it for all he was worth, his tunes being Annie Laurie, Rule, Britannia, and a sea song called "It's nice to be afloat again."

Everybody on the Southern Coast who could be spared was on deck cheering back, and the captain waved his cap and blew the syren. The river rang while the ship and the lightship were within earshot of each other.

#### Help When Called For

The explanation of the stirring scene is that it is the lightship's way of keeping up a recognition of the fine tradition of the sea by which help is always given when it is called for. Many months ago, during wild weather, the Girdler flew the flag which means "We want a doctor," and the Southern Coast came by.

Two other ships had seen the distress signal but had not been able to stand-in to the lightship. However, Captain James managed to work his ship alongside, pick up from the Girdler one of its crew whose arm had been broken by the violence of the gale, take him up the river, and personally leave him at the London Hospital.

In due course the injured man was well and returned to his duty on the lightship; and ever since then the keen eyes of the lightshipmen who safeguard the Channel for all ships have always identified the Southern Coast as she came by and have expressed their recognition and thanks in music and cheers.

It is a happy illustration of the comradeship of the sea, shown both in help and gratitude.

### THE UNGRATEFUL PATIENT

"Tony would be better without his tonsils," said the doctor.

Sir Pomfrey Scalpel, who was a family friend and the greatest throat surgeon of the day, consented to operate. Tony was taken to hospital.

He had never been away from Nannie and Mummie before. He was scared, and Black, the kind-hearted old porter, saw it. When he carried other little patients into the ward or off to the operating theatre he always came to Tony's cot to cheer him up.

After Tony got home Sir Pomfrey came to visit his parents, who could not thank the surgeon enough. They all went up to the nursery.

"Well, old chap," said the great man, "how are you now?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Tony. "I've been to the hospiggle and had my tunnels out."

"And who did it for you, Tony?" asked Tony's mother.

To her horror he replied "Doctor Black!"

### A SHILLING A TREE

There are many wireless enthusiasts in Enfield, and many trees in Enfield Town Park.

As a result many aerial wires have been fixed from the trees to the wireless sets. The Enfield Town Council do not see fit to let the trees work for nothing, and it is therefore making every wireless amateur whose aerial is tied to a tree pay a shilling a year rent.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

THE Wise Men who found their way to the Manger at Bethlehem have always been mysterious. We know little about them, though tradition has done its best to tell us their names, their number, and the lands from which they came. Yet the reticent story in Matthew is more impressive than all the legends.

Their presence at Bethlehem is astonishing. From the Jewish point of view these men were outsiders. More than two years they had been on the road. Yet, while Persia was present at the Manger, Jerusalem, but a dozen miles away, was absent. Here was the greatest happening in all history and the people who lived next door missed it!

#### Religion and Science

Religion, it is claimed, has much to learn from the scientific mind, and this strange story suggests that there is truth in the claim. For these Wise Men were the scientists of their day. They were astrologers, and their study of the stars was bound up with their religion. Worshippers of the God of Light, the Sun, the Moon, and the stars had a central place in their thoughts. The stars were supposed to have the destinies of men in their keeping.

The stars were thus closely watched and consulted, and for these watchers they had their meanings and their messages. For certain happenings there were certain interpretations. A new star was often supposed to indicate the birth of a prince.

There have been endless conjectures as to the Star of Bethlehem. One of the best suggestions is that it was possibly a new star such as flames out in the sky, dwindling speedily and fading from sight, with which the Wise Men associated the birth of a great personality.

#### The Challenging Star

All we can say for certain is that astronomical reasons prompted the journey of the Wise Men. Because of something seen in the night sky, and interpreted according to their science, they took the road.

To say more than that is to enter the realm of conjecture.

The star was simply a clue, a challenge to set out on a quest. It told them nothing definite. Only after their arrival in Jerusalem and their receipt of the information about Bethlehem did the star, which apparently they had lost, reappear and seem to stand over Bethlehem. Besides, stars do not stand over

any particular spot to the exclusion of a hundred other places.

A star over Bethlehem is equally over Jerusalem. If we say the Pole Star stands directly over our own house at a certain hour those who live in a place miles away can make the same claim. It was not the star, but their minds, furnished with the new information, that indicated Bethlehem. Perhaps the most impressive thing in the story is the Wise Men's response to the challenge of that starry clue.

Therein is seen the scientific spirit. The star told them very little, but on the strength of it they were prepared to set out on a long, long quest. As they sought the weeks turned to months and the months to years. However primitive their science, their spirit was admirable. In that spirit have all the great discoveries been made.

#### A Heroic Adventure

They had no sure knowledge of their goal. They knew neither the length of the way nor what they would find. They had the hint, and that was enough. They were sufficiently keen to follow up the clue, and evidently these astrologers of old had faith that the goal would in the end justify the going.

All great discoverers are men of daring, and no true representation of these Wise Men must omit that trait in them. They were men of daring. If their motto had been Safety First they would have made no discovery, and the world would have been vastly poorer without their heroic and beautiful adventure. They went out not knowing where they went. It is of the very nature of faith that it does not know the end from the beginning. Often all it sees is a beckoning light and a road along which to travel.

#### Patience and Endurance

In common with all such seekers the patient persistence of these Wise Men is impressive. When we remember how uncertain the enterprise was, and how unexpectedly the road lengthened out, how they lost the star and continued by relying on a vision, we must salute their endurance. Most likely there would be false trails and the retracing of mistaken steps; there would be obstacles and difficulties not a few; yet they held on their way and came at last to Bethlehem.

Let us do likewise. If we keep our eyes on the stars we shall not go far wrong in our journey through life.

### WHY HE WANTED THE TEA BOX

A SCOTTISH minister tells us this Christmas story, which is true.

To his surprise he met in the street an engine-driver he knew who was usually on duty at that time of day.

"And what may you be here for, my friend?" asked he.

"Oh, things are a bit slack," the driver explained, "and I'm having a day off; so I'm away down town to see if I can pick up a tea box."

"A tea box?" said his friend. "And what will you be doing with a tea box?"

"Well," said the railwayman, "you see, it's like this. I had a wee girl who lay for a long while in the Infirmary over there; and she was always asking for a doll's house, and they hadn't one in the place. It nearly broke my heart that we couldn't please her; and she died without ever having a doll's house to play with. But I made up my mind that the Children's Wards of that Infirmary should never again be without a doll's house. So every Christmas I send one. I build them out of old tea-boxes."

And off he went down town.

### THE GOOD UNCLE

SOMEONE who has failed to get work in England and has gone to seek it in South Africa writes home that he has met the happiest man in the world.

He is a little Polish Jew, who works like a slave and keeps hardly a penny of his earnings for himself. He is always cheerful, always helping newcomers to find work or cheap quarters.

Some years ago this man's sister married a man who emigrated and was earning a decent living in South Africa when he was stricken with leprosy. Now he is in a leper camp.

What was to happen to his wife and three children? His brother-in-law came out to work for them.

He might have said: "I will send you your fares to come back to me." But he would not ask them to leave the poor leper on the other side of the world. Instead, he said goodbye to his native place and his old friends, gave up all hope of a home of his own, and went to work for his sister in a foreign land.

His coat is threadbare, but it is more honourable than any of the dazzling uniforms worn by Henry the Eighth.

## C. L. N.

Over 8000 Members

### A CHRISTMAS CHANCE FOR ALL OF US

It is Christmas time, the time of Peace, and we must all be doing something for the happiness and friendliness of the world. Eight thousand of us have done much already, for we have joined the Children's League of Nations, and are linking up with the great League of Nations Union which is keeping alive the spirit of Peace and Goodwill and spreading the news of the League of Nations throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Two things we would like to say to C.N. readers at this time:

1. If you have not joined the C.L.N., will you not join today and keep this Christmas by linking up with the most hopeful movement of our generation?

2. If you have already joined, will you please keep Christmas by bringing in at least another member?

*It would be a wonderful stimulus for every member to find one more, so doubling our strength in a single week.*

One town in Canada is trying to get a thousand members quickly; will our own towns let the young Dominion beat them?

The membership this week is over 8000.

#### In Canada

Forty Canadian boys and girls in Winnipeg have been enrolled as members of the C.L.N. Dr. George F. Salton, who sends their names, writes: "Your C.L.N. idea is splendid. I want Winnipeg to have Branch Number One in Canada. I see no reason why I should not have you enrol a thousand Canadian children from Winnipeg in a few weeks."

#### A League Exhibition

At the beginning of December a League of Nations Exhibition opened at The Hague, in the historic buildings where the Peace Conference of 1907 was held.

This is the first big League Exhibition to be held in the capital of any European country. Not only have the Dutch Government and the League of Nations helped to make it worthy of the occasion, but many other international organisations, including the Universal Postal Union and the League of Red Cross Societies, are cooperating.

The League of Nations Societies in the various countries are showing what they are doing to teach people about the League through exhibits shown in a Street of Nations. Among them is the British League of Nations Union, which includes in its exhibit the work of the Junior Branches of the Union with which the C.L.N. is joining up as fast as can be managed.

#### How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed to:

Children's League of Nations,  
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1  
*No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.*

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

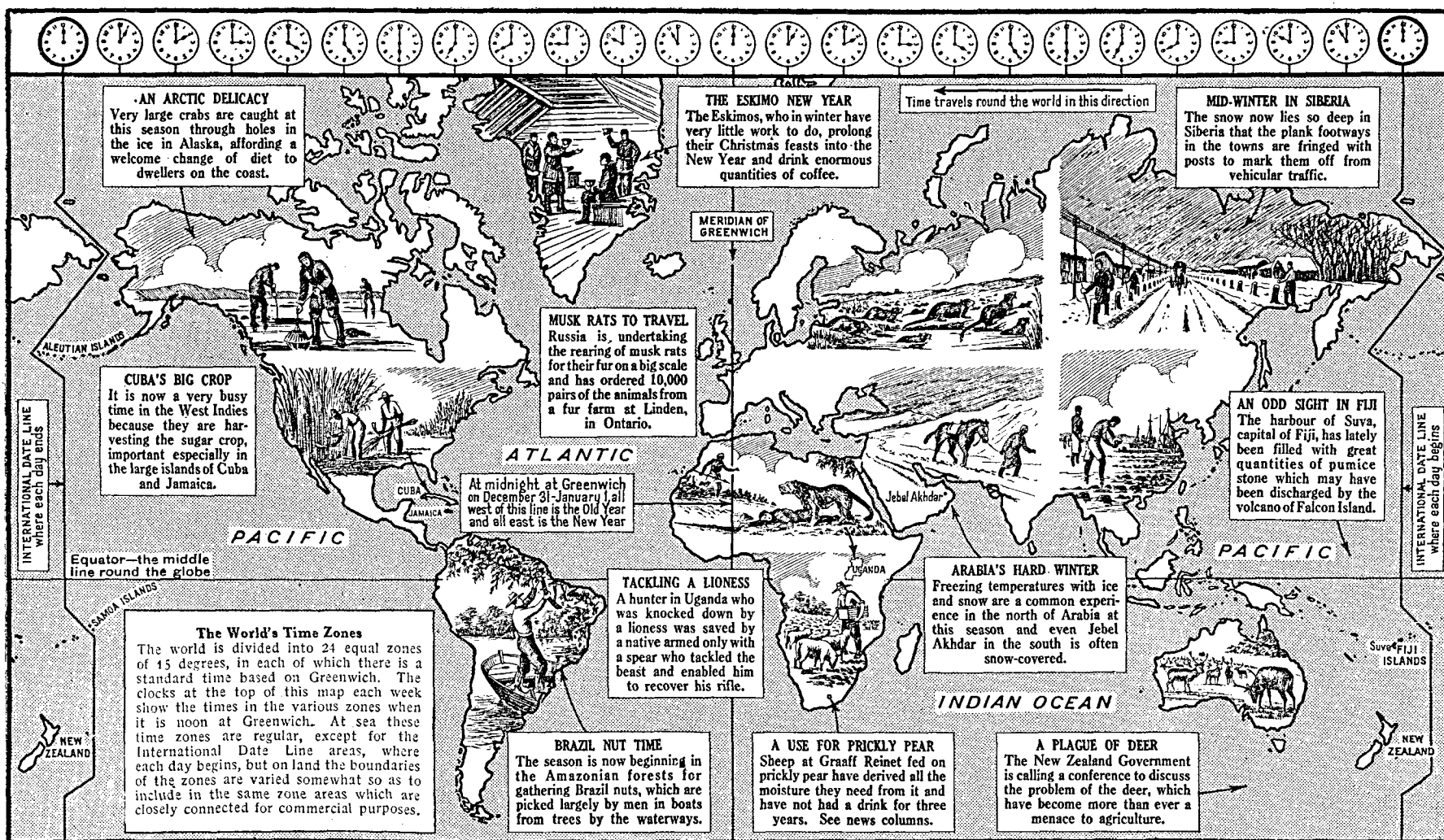
There will be arrangements for meeting other members at parties, plays, pageants, lectures, film shows, and so on. There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and in other countries. There will be a Letter Exchange. There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations.



The C.L.N. Badge



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



## SWEEPING CLEAN THE DARK PLACES Work of the Government Chemist

"What the eye hath not seen the heart doth not grieve at" is a proverb sometimes used to express the very opposite of the Golden Rule. But before long this old saying may lose its cynical sting and revert to its happier meaning of contentment.

During the past year the eye of the Government Chemist, an official of a little-known Department of State, has been seeing a number of things with a penetrating scrutiny. And he has found that some of these make the heart grieve, for they are not all that they seem to be.

In his laboratories he and his staff have examined half a million samples sent from Government Departments.

Postage-stamps, foodstuffs, and even materials from the buried ruins of an abbey have come to them for analysis. Oilskins and gold braid have arrived from the Admiralty, four tablets of soap from the Prison Commission of Scotland, and quinine tablets from the High Commissioner for Rhodesia.

Surprising discoveries have been made by looking under the surface of things. In some ammoniated quinine there was no quinine. Certain specimens of cheese contained fifty per cent of water. Fifteen out of eight hundred samples of butter contained fat which was not butter fat.

## A NEW GAS FOR AIRSHIPS

Many trials are being made in Germany with a new gas mixture for airships which is much lighter than air, though not so light as helium.

It is a mixture of several gases, and is said to be quite non-inflammable. Helium, which is four times heavier than hydrogen, is being obtained in America in large quantities from natural gas, and there it has quite replaced hydrogen for airships.

## THE RICKSHAW MAN SEES TROUBLE AHEAD Peking and Progress

That was a queer little riot in Peking not long ago, caused by a certain ruthless thing called Progress.

The rioters were rickshaw men, who get their living by pulling light carriages, like miniature dogcarts, holding one person. The men are strong and fleet, but some people prefer the new-fangled tramcar to the old-fashioned rickshaw, and the rickshaw men foresee a time when they will not be able to earn their living in the old way.

They have attacked the tramcars, just as the hand weavers once attacked the first mills; but Progress cannot be turned back. The ugly tramcars will still go clanging through the picturesque streets of the East and the pretty rickshaw will become more rare.

Once Londoners travelled by Thames instead of by road, and the watermen attacked the first drivers of hackney coaches and sedan chairs. Then came motor-cabs to drive the owners of horse-drawn cabs to despair. The rickshaw men will not suffer alone.

Tomorrow, perhaps, we shall hear of ruined taximen and tram drivers attacking the aerodromes which have driven them out of business. In time the air pilots may find that some newer means of travel is beginning to steal their passengers, and they in turn will grumble at the faithless public. Only one thing is certain: Progress does not stand still.

Meanwhile we hope the rickshaw men will take to punching tram tickets instead of people's heads.

## VAN DYCK OF ST. PAUL'S

A bronze crown has been placed before the Van Dyck memorial in St. Paul's on behalf of the city of Antwerp. The immortal painter lies in the dust of old St. Paul's and on the tablet recording the fact are the words

*His monument perished in the Great Fire, but his name is imperishable.*

## SPIDERS v. SNAILS A Little War in Switzerland

A French naturalist has discovered a strange state of war in Switzerland.

In a district thickly populated with spiders and snails he found that sometimes both creatures seek a home on the same plant.

When the spider has spun his web among the leaves along lumbers the snail and breaks the delicate threads. War thus being declared, the spider takes up the challenge by descending on his enemy and spinning a mesh of threads round him.

No blood is shed, no lives are lost; but the spider nearly always wins in these encounters, for the snail finds the tangle of gossamer so uncomfortable that he moves away.

## A HINT FROM A BIRD

In a forest in Central America grows a grass which is now being cultivated in East Anglia in the hope that it will serve some of the purposes of jute and other fibre.

If the experiment succeeds we shall owe it to a bird, or perhaps we ought to say to a man who noticed what the bird in the forest tree was doing with the grass.

It was building with it a nest so tough and weatherproof that the value of the grass was shown at once—to the man who could take a hint when he saw it. There is a chance for all of us if we are able to do that.

## GOOD NEWS FOR SILKWORMS

Even silkworms are sometimes ill. Two complaints with which they are often troubled have puzzled silkworm breeders for a long time.

Now Dr. Carbone, an Italian, has found an antidote for the silkworm's ills. A preparation is sprayed over the insect or mixed with its food, and the silkworm becomes immune from the diseases. Long life to the little spinner!

## SERVANTS OF THE NATION The Great Civil Service in Whitehall

One of the interesting inquiries set on foot in the year that is closing is the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, that great body of men and women, numbering hundreds of thousands, without whose assistance we could not post a letter or ask a policeman.

The Home Office, the Education Office, the Board of Trade, the Health Ministry, the Pensions Ministry, the Office of Works, the Stationery Office, all will come under the scrutiny of the Royal Commission. Clerks and telephone girls, factory inspectors and tax collectors, school inspectors and medical officers, Customs officers and excisemen, are all in one way or another civil servants. There is hardly anything the ordinary citizen can do without their assistance or their supervision.

Some of the civil servants may think their salaries or their pensions are too little. The public whom they serve may believe that some of them are unnecessary or the services they render too small. Into all these matters the commission will inquire. The members of the examining body include a great lawyer, Lord Justice Tomlin, who is chairman; an ex-Minister in the Duchess of Atholl, members of Parliament, Labour men, statisticians, economists, scientific authorities, and educational authorities.

They will ask whether and where the conditions of pay and service and pensions need revision, how new questions about these things ought to be approached for settlement, and how the vacancies in the service ought to be filled. One particular question to be threshed out is whether the women civil servants, who number 75,000, should be given the same pay as men for the same work; and another is whether a woman civil servant should be compulsorily retired when she marries.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 28 1929

## The Man Everybody Knows

Dear Editor, Daddy says we should ask you if there is a Santa Claus. We should like to know. We are just Two Little Ones

DEAR Little Ones, There was never any doubt whatever about our old friend Santa Claus.

If nobody sees him everybody knows him, and in millions of homes on Christmas morning millions of eyes will open and know that he has been. You will find him in every street, in every cottage and palace, even in those poor mining villages where life is so hard now because for so many years the war drove Santa Claus out of the world.

I have heard of little ones like you who thought that Santa Claus was Daddy. How glad their Daddy must have been, for if every Daddy were a Santa Claus, going about the world sowing the seeds of happiness, taking a bit of pleasure here and there when it was wanted, what a happy place the world would be!

The truth is that this kind old friend of ours, doing good in quiet ways, hoping not to be seen and hiding himself from the light of day, is perhaps the greatest friend the world has. He is the Kind Spirit who happens to remember somebody in trouble and does something to make him a little happier. He is the Kind Spirit who, suddenly on Christmas morning, floods a little home with sunshine which had not been there before, sets the little ones laughing and Daddy looking thankful, while Mother is so busy kissing Baby that she hardly notices that there is a tear in her eye.

He comes to you now at Christmastime, but you will know him when you grow up too. His is that kindly spirit that finds its way just where sorrow happens to be, just where a cloud is falling, just when a word makes all the difference. It will come to you, for it comes to all of us. There is nothing more certain in all this old world than that when trouble comes, when it seems as if the Sun would never shine again, just then comes Santa Claus, the silver lining of the cloud appears, the world warms up, and new life runs in our veins.

That is Santa Claus, the unseen man whom everybody knows. A bit like Daddy he is, and very much like Mother, only we must just pretend we do not see the likeness, for he hates to be seen at his old game. He loves his secret ways, and being left alone, and at the first *I spy* he vanishes. He comes stealing in through the dark, leaves a little Christmas happiness, and goes, and all the world is lifted up and says what a wonderful old fellow he is.

And it is true. *He is*, and long may he reign.

Your affectionate EDITOR



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Who Is It?

WE have found a description of a new game in the Life of a poet. You silently choose a famous person and describe him or her by the symbol of a place, a flower, a food, a smell, a sound, an animal, and a stone; and the others guess who it is. Everybody playing writes one description.

Here is one for C.N. readers to guess for themselves. No answer to it will be printed. But the person is living.

Place—A besieged town

Animal—Greyhound

Flower—Rose of England

Sound—A bugle call

Smell—Heathery upland

Stone—Granite

Food—A stew over a Scout fire.

It is great fun to make up these games for yourselves.

## In Old Saint Paul's

WE have just been reminded that Van Dyck was laid to rest in Old St. Paul's.

How many of those who saw the laying of the wreath in the crypt would think of Saint Paul's as it used to be, filled with a loud, chattering throng of pedlars, merchants, and gossips? Here were booths and stalls, once, in the very nave; here horses and mules were led with their loads, and here the Font was a recognised place for paying debts.

One of the ugliest bargains ever made there was struck in 1530, in the reign of Bluebeard. The old document runs:

Covenant between the Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Darcy and Sir George Darcy for a marriage between Thomas Darcy and Lady Anne . . . and, if the said Thomas die, between William, Sir George's second son, and the same Lady . . . For which marriage the Earl of Shrewsbury is to pay £200 on the day of Saint Nicholas next at the Font in Saint Paul's.

Poor Lady Anne! Her marriage was not made in Heaven, but in the Babel that was once Saint Paul's.

## Lullaby

Sleep, baby, sleep! The mother sings. Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay Thy bed By Mary's hand at eve was spread.

At midnight came the shepherds, they Whom seraphs wakened by the way.

And three kings from the East afar Ere dawn came guided by Thy star.

They brought Thee gift of gold and gems, Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.

But Thou who liest slumbering there Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing.

Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

John Addington Symonds

## The Cost of War and Peace

The Editor greatly regrets that these figures were wrongly given two weeks ago. They are correct as given here.

The War cost us £5000 a minute.

It costs us still £800 a minute.

Future wars cost us £200 a minute.

The League costs us 4s. a minute.

## The Man Who Got Through

MANNERS are worth while for all of us. We say this hoping it may meet the eye of that very bright young man who is boasting that the other day he slipped past the workman guiding traffic at a *Road-Up*, went gaily along on his motor-cycle, and got through against the signals by holding up a dozen cars. When he has had his motor-cycle a little longer he will learn that a gain of two minutes is dearly paid for by missing a chance of being thought a gentleman.

## Tip-Cat

A FILM WRITER has been released from prison in America. Probably he promised not to write any more films.

SOME people can't stand travelling in Underground trains, says a doctor. Some can't get a chance to sit down.

If all diamonds were thrown into the sea they say the world would be a better place. And it would stimulate the diving industry.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the man who cracks a joke is a killjoy

THE Prime Minister says the Americans are beginning to understand us. We have learned their language from the cinema.

THE garden should be part of a house, a lady tells us. But it cannot be used as a spare bedroom.

MILLIONAIRES are over-respected. But not necessarily over-respectable.

A NEW talkie showing in London is said to have made strong men weep. Evidently up to eye-water mark.

DOCTOR recommends the daily habit of sponging. Surely only for those in low water?

THE office of the Home Secretary is, he says, the most interesting in the world. Wonder what he keeps in it?

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE site of the Battle of Bannockburn is to become a National Playing Field.

A LINCOLNSHIRE lady has left the R.S.P.C.A. £500 to pay for prosecuting people who are cruel to animals.

A WOMAN has bequeathed £50,000 to the North Staffordshire Royal Infirmary.

## Dreams Come True

TWO little tales of ambition have just been told that should not be forgotten.

There was an uncle who had in his care a boy not over rich; did he not walk miles to the City of London School and back to save his bus fares?

"What are you going to be when you become a man?" the uncle asked the boy, and the confident lad replied: "I don't know which, but either Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor." The boy lived to be one and to refuse to be the other, for his name was Henry Herbert Asquith.

The other story is told by Lady Cave in her admirable little book on Odds and Ends of My Life. Lady Cave tells how when she became engaged her future father-in-law said to her: "Do you know you are going to marry a possible Lord Chancellor?"

A few days after (says Lady Cave) we were walking together down St. James's Street, and I was talking of the milestones that must be passed before the Woolsack could be reached; and George said "When I take silk I will give you a diamond necklace."

I said "No; a pearl necklace when you take silk, and a diamond necklace when you are Lord Chancellor." A tall man was passing and turned with a charming smile to look at the young people with such lofty aspirations.

The marriage took place in due time, and the young man became Lord Chancellor. Lord Cave's fine career of public service is over, but we have still among us the tall man who turned with a charming smile on the youth who was to be Lord Chancellor. His name is Arthur Balfour.

## December 25

What means this glory round our feet (The Magi mused) more bright than morn?

And voices chanted clear and sweet, Today the Prince of Peace is born!

What means that Star (the shepherds said) That brightens through the rocky glen?

And angels, answering overhead, Sang Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men.

Tis eighteen hundred years and more Since those sweet oracles were dumb; We wait for Him, like them of yore; Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold, No time or sorrow e'er shall dim, That little children might be bold In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine A light like that the wise men saw, If we our loving wills incline To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand The simple faith of shepherds then, And, clasping kindly hand in hand, Sing Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men!

And they who do their souls no wrong But keep at eve the faith of morn, Shall daily hear the angel song, Today the Prince of Peace is born!

James Russell Lowell

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise Longfellow



## OLD COMENIUS HIS TOMB FOR HIS PEOPLE

### Good Old Man Who Invented the Children's Picture Book HOLLAND'S GRACIOUS ACT

We drew attention last week to the kindly act which ought to bring Holland a prize for the most gracious deed of 1929. Perhaps we may take another look at old Comenius.

The story begins right back in 1592, when a poor Moravian took his newborn son in his arms. Johann Amos Comenius they called him. His fame as a scholar and pioneer of thought was to spread across the Courts of Europe and he was to become one of the heroes of Bohemia. But his father doubtless laughed at the little red hands and said: "These will grow hard as horn on the ploughshare!"

Comenius wanted knowledge from the first, and so he got it. He studied in foreign lands, earning his bread by teaching, and he became pastor and rector of a school at Fulnek, till in 1621 the Spanish invasion ruined him. Driven into exile and robbed of all his possessions by the persecutors Comenius started life afresh in Poland.

#### Sharp Eyes and Ears

He was not a Dryasdust, a man full of knowledge and empty of humour. As he went about he used his sharp eyes and ears, and he came to the conclusion that most teaching was done very badly, because it was so dull. He wrote some books on education which were translated into 12 European languages besides Arabic, Turkish, and Persian.

England and Sweden invited him to advise their Governments concerning their schools. Sweden gave him a pension. When he died in Amsterdam he was piously laid to rest in the little Gothic church at Naarden, and Holland has kept guard over his resting place ever since.

Who would not be proud of it? Comenius was lovable as well as wise. His *Orbis Sensualium Pictus* is said to be the first children's picture book. It was published in 1658, and what a dreary world it must have been before!

#### How to Learn Languages

Can we imagine Christmas without a hundred artists to show us fairies, Indians, buccaneers, locomotives, airships, jungle beasts, and comical creatures like our friend Jacko? We cannot, and yet children's picture books are not 300 years old, and we owe them to an old Moravian scholar.

He was the first to write useful little foreign sentences in columns set next the translation, for he thought it cruel to teach a child all the verbs before it could say: "Good morning, Daddy; can I have some chocolate, please?" Languages should all be learned as we learn our mother tongue, he said. So to Comenius we owe the phrase book which helps the tourist to understand the foreign waiter and railway guard.

#### Singing and Handwork

Comenius was also the first to advocate the teaching of science in schools, and he believed in singing and handwork. Altogether he was the first champion to rise up against the old black-browed schoolmaster who thought education simply meant flogging Latin verbs into boys.

No wonder that Czecho-Slovakia is proud of Comenius. She wanted to bring him home and raise a great monument over him. But Holland could not endure to lose him either, and now she has done a gracious thing.

"We will give you the Church of Naarden," she said to Czecho-Slovakia. "Then you will be able to say that Comenius sleeps on the soil of Czecho-Slovakia, but we need not disturb his grave." With that generosity Czecho-Slovakia is well content.

## MR. BALDWIN SEES IT THROUGH

We take this passage from Mr. Baldwin's speech at the Toc H Birthday celebrations the other day, when impressive gatherings were held at the Abbey, the Albert Hall, and various other places.

It was soon after the time Mr. Baldwin is referring to here that he secretly gave half his fortune to the State, a fact which was afterwards revealed.

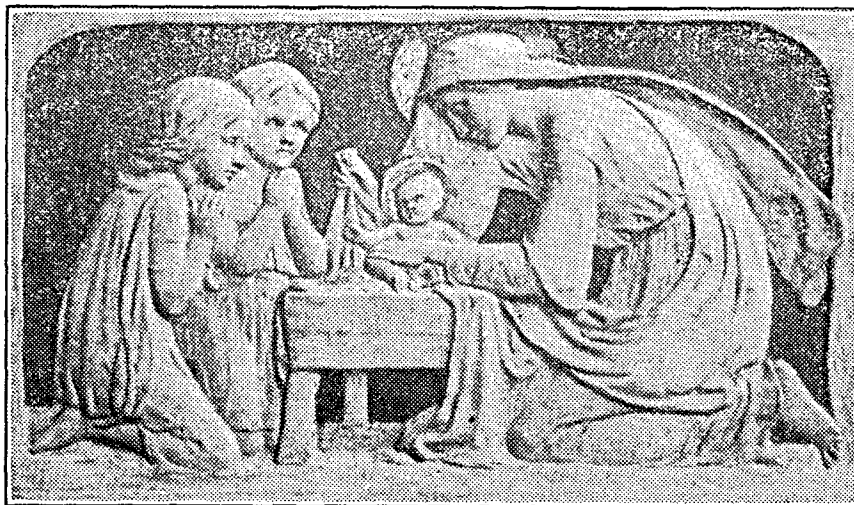
When the War began I was a man of nearly 50, leading a very comfortable life, and rich, with the prospects of being still richer.

I remember seeing those groups of men in their shirt-sleeves walking down Kensington Gore, being splashed by the mud from taxicabs as they went on their way to drill. They were the first volunteers to join Kitchener's Army,

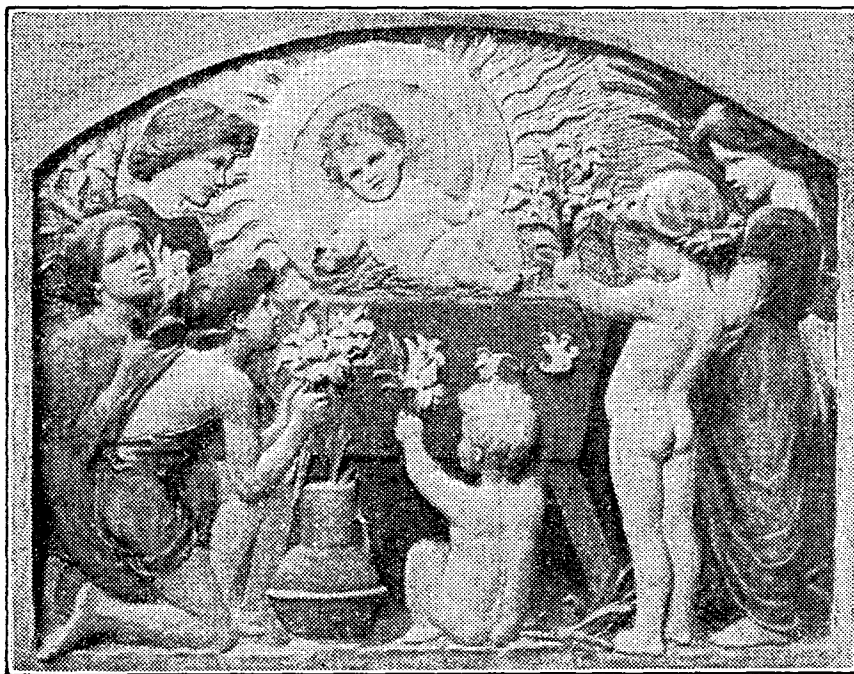
and as I saw them I wished that I was with them. I saw the best of the generation of that time going out, and the death-roll soon began.

My perspective altered as in a moment, and I felt that all the values we had placed upon life were wrong. My one desire was to be free from any idea that I might be rich. I wanted to do service for my country. The chance came to me. I was offered service in the Government, and, to my delight, in an unpaid post. I felt "Well, now I can pull my weight," and I gave no thought as to what might happen afterwards. I learned at that time to put myself into the background. I regarded myself as dedicated to the service of my country.

## IN BETHLEHEM 19 CENTURIES SINCE



O, Little Child of Bethlehem



The First Christmas Morning

These charming sculpture-reliefs of the first Christmas morning are by Miss Ellen Rope, whose work is to be seen in the church of her home village at Blaxhall in Suffolk, in Rotherhithe Town Hall, and in Salisbury Cathedral.

## THE SAME MAN NOT THE SAME

NOVELISTS like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or Mr. H. G. Wells who love to mix their romances with science could weave wonderful stories round the case of Joseph Mayott, whose bones have been shrinking since 1921.

Eight years ago he was five feet seven inches. Now he is four feet ten inches. The doctors who have had him under observation for three years say that he is suffering from a disease discovered by Sir James Paget in 1876.

Mayott, who is an American, is sometimes in pain, but he is not anything like a helpless cripple, and the specialists say that he may go on shrinking and yet live to be a very old man. He is now 55, and served in France as a civil engineer during the war.

It is a rare and mysterious thing. Perhaps if R. L. S. had known about

it there would have been a sinister dwarf as well as a one-legged man in his Treasure Island. Long ago (we might have learned) the rogues robbed and marooned a comrade. They were sure he was dead, but in reality he had been picked up by a passing ship and had been biding his time to take vengeance. One day the chief of the villains said that he did not like the look of their new messmate: "He reminds me too much of Black Robert Stone."

The others jeered: "Captain Stone was a tall man, and this fellow is little better than a dwarf!" But it was Robert Stone, shrinking in stature, and growing in hatred, with a brace of pistols waiting for Long John Silver!

In all fiction nothing could be stranger than that; yet the case of Joseph Mayott is fact not fiction.

## NARROW ESCAPE OF 5000 SHEEP OUT OF HARBOUR JUST IN TIME

### Why Australia Would Have Kept Them Back

#### THE PRECIOUS MERINO

Sheep of British origin have been making history on a Government farm at Graaf Reinet, near Johannesburg, by proving that they can live for three years without water if they have prickly pear as a diet; but the chief item of sheep news is from Australia.

Five thousand Merino sheep by leaving Melbourne for Europe just in time to escape an order forbidding their departure remind us that the island continent feels toward its livestock as our ancestors felt toward theirs when we were a little island nation without an empire, depending largely for our prosperity on our skill as stock-breeders.

#### A Romance of History

In the old days our chief export was wool. By its sale we raised armies and manned navies, and in times of peace imported necessities and luxuries which could not otherwise have been paid for. If a nation was unfriendly to us the Government forbade the exportation of wool to that nation, and such action was regarded as a severe penalty.

Australia does not prohibit the export of wool; on the contrary, its sale is one of her chief sources of riches. It is the sheep whose departure she now refuses to permit.

The story of Australia's Merino sheep is one of the romances of her history. Merino sheep originated in Africa, it is thought, and were brought into Europe by the Moorish invaders of Spain. There the high dry pastures proved favourable and for centuries Spanish Merino sheep were famous. Many attempts to acclimatise them in England have failed owing to our damp, chilly climate. A century ago a few were put on board ship and sent to Australia, where, like the first cattle, they ran wild, disappeared from civilisation, and were found again years later in great flocks.

#### A Hasty Exodus

Ever since then they have been bred with skill and jealous care, until today Australia has more fine Merino sheep than any other country. The value of the sheep is not so much for their flesh as for their splendid fine short wool, which makes the best of all cloth.

Australia wishes to preserve her lead as a breeder of Merino sheep, and is alarmed at the increasing favour accorded to the breed in Russia and South Africa. So, lest these two countries should come to rival her, she has issued a decree that no Merino sheep for breeding purposes shall leave her shores.

When the order was published 5000 sheep were already penned on a ship in Melbourne Harbour. They sailed an hour before the decree could take effect for a port in the Black Sea. It will be interesting in years to come to trace the effects upon European and South African industry of that hasty exodus.

#### K.K.K.K.

To keep smiling, to be cheerful and diffuse cheerfulness, to practise charity and avoid unkindness, to promote happiness and work for the good of others, to respect the aged and assist the young, to honour unselfishness, to foster healthy recreation and amateur sport, to further true liberty and loving fraternity, to relieve suffering and assist the poor and distressed, to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, to aid in the benefit of women and children, to encourage good feeling and discourage hypocrisy, to play the man, to enjoy life, and to labour for the good of all.

Objects of the K.K.K.K.

Klassikal Konfraternity of Kongenial Konfreres at Dover



## STATUE TO A SERVANT GIRL

### Her Life to Save Two Little Ones

A monument to Margarete Manharte, a servant girl who lost her life in Vienna while trying to save the two children of her mistress, has been set up in the Austrian capital.

At a busy cross-roads the girl, with a baby in a perambulator and a three-year old boy by her side, suddenly realised



The servant girl's statue

that a big lorry was upon them. She caught hold of the boy and almost threw him to the kerbstone, pushing the perambulator after him, so that both the little ones were unhurt. There was no time to save herself; she died on the way to the hospital.

The people of Vienna were so impressed with the girl's devotion that a large sum of money was collected for a memorial. A competition has been held to choose the best design for a statue to Margarete's memory. Thirty-seven Austrian sculptors competed, and the prize was won by a Viennese, Joseph Riedl, whose design was so acceptable that it was later given two other prizes, one from the Vienna Artists and the other from the Ministry of Education.

### The Sleeping Babes

His group, worked in sandstone, is called *Virtue*, and shows a working-girl with a look of great kindness brooding over two sleeping babes, safe and warm in the shadow of her upstretched arms. Underneath is written in German:

*Margarete Manharte, the servant girl, gave up her life to save two little ones.*

The statue has recently been put up in one of the little green squares for which Vienna is famous, within sight and sound of the playing children of the capital.

## LONDON POISONING ITSELF

### Two Great Halls and What They Are Doing

#### THE RUBBISH OF A CITY

Two great buildings all but face one another across the Thames within sight of Charing Cross—the County Hall of London and the City Hall of Westminster. They are at cross purposes.

From the County Hall proceed the plans for the fine new model estate which the London County Council is building at Becontree. From the City Hall proceed the regulations by which Westminster dumps all its filth and rubbish within sight and smell of Becontree, poisoning the air there.

Now Miss Susan Lawrence, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, has been to inspect these dumps.

She saw great mountains of rubbish, and what struck her frugal mind most, next to the disgusting sight of the mounds, the flies, the rat-holes, and the acrid smoke from burning heaps blowing in to Becontree, was the waste of it all. In the provinces, she declared, they are miles ahead of London in turning this rubbish to account.

Complaints of the injury done to health from these dumps continually reach Whitehall, and they are amply justified. London, as its spreading population reaches the dumps, is poisoning them, and yet London spends £2,000,000 a year on removing its rubbish. There appears to be a touch of madness somewhere.

## THE RED MAN GROWS UP

THE Vice-President of the United States is a Red Indian, and at last Americans have been forced to say that the Red Indian nation may grow up.

It took a Civil War to set the black men free. The red men have gained their freedom after nearly a hundred years through the work of the Indian Rights Association, led today by Mr. Charles James Rhoads, a white man and a Quaker.

Of course the Red Indians have not been bought and sold, beaten and chained, like the Negro slaves of old. But they have been treated like little children by the United States Government. Instead of living with white men, attending the same schools, and learning the same trades, they have been penned up in reservations.

### To Be Seen But Not Heard

"You must stay in your nursery," the Government said. "You must be seen and not heard. We will provide you with food and blankets and tobacco, and you can embroider a few moccasins to sell to tourists. You must not venture out into the world because you are too stupid to learn anything and some-one would be sure to cheat you."

Since the white men took away the red men's hunting grounds, and thereby took away their living, it seemed only just that the Government should support the Indians. But America's good intentions bore bad fruit. The Redskins, who were born to be hunters and wanderers, could not thrive in reser-

vations, and now about 25 per cent of them are consumptive. Idleness does not suit them. They do not like being a pauper race.

Some Red Indians still own valuable lands, and receive large payments for the oil, timber, and minerals, but the Government administers the property for them in nearly every case. If a man is told that he is too foolish to manage his own affairs he soon begins to despair. The friends of the red men have feared that their spirits will degenerate as well as their bodies.

### A Brighter Outlook

But now a new day is dawning. Mr. Charles James Rhoads, of the Indian Rights Association, has been chosen by the Government to be head of the Bureau for Indian Affairs.

Red Indian children are to go to the same schools as white children. The reservations are to be thrown open. Indians are to manage their own property, which is said to be worth about 17 million pounds a year. They are to be encouraged to take up every kind of career, and never more to be told they are only fit to sit cross-legged on the ground smoking a pipe and wrapped in a ragged blanket to amuse sightseers.

There are now 193 tribes living on about 200 reservations. It is believed that in twenty-five years the Indian will have become as useful and self-respecting a citizen as any other in America.

The world will watch with interest while the Red Indian nation grows up.

## THE SIKHS DO NOT FORGET

THE Ross Award Fund ought to have reached twenty thousand pounds in its first week. Has not Science said "the prevention of tropical disease originated in England under Sir Ronald Ross's direction"? Yet the fund has only just crawled up to £10,619 3s. 7d. We hope Sir Ronald will buy himself a really good microscope with the 7d.

One of the latest contributions to the fund is a cheque for £100 from a reader of an article on Sir Ronald Ross in the C.N. monthly, *My Magazine*, and another is a cheque for £15 from the First Battalion of the Sikh Regiment at Razmak. A private soldier is a poor man, but their commanding officer writes that the men gave the money gladly and eagerly.

He must have felt once again, like all the Englishmen who have commanded them before him, very proud of the Sikhs. Their courage, loyalty, and hardihood have made them the

most famous soldiers of the East, and of all Indian religions theirs is the purest.

The Sikh believes that there is one God, and that He cares nothing for pilgrimages or offerings at temples, nor does He desire that women should be shut up in purdah and burned at their husband's funerals, nor does He order the caste system which separates class from class. The strict Sikh will not touch wine or tobacco. He wears his long hair pinned up with a dagger, and carries himself like a king. A stranger to the East might guess from the look of him that he is a man free of superstition and one who will die rather than leave his post.

Sir Ronald Ross's father had the happiness of commanding the Sikhs and his brother had the honour of dying with them. These memories, as well as the work Sir Ronald has done to rid India of disease, have made the Sikh soldier so ready to give part of his pay to the Ross Award Fund.

## GIVE THE AFRICAN BOY A CHANCE

THE Rev. A. J. Knight, Principal of St. Nicholas Grammar School, Cape Coast, Gold Coast; West Africa, a school connected with the English Church Mission there, wishes to appeal to boys who read the C.N. and have some good book they can spare to send the book to be placed in the school library for the African boys to read.

"The school of nearly 200 boys (says Mr. Knight) is trying to give African boys an English education. We live together in a happy family, trying hard to improve ourselves morally and intellectually, so as to fit ourselves to be good citizens and Christians. In studies we prepare for the Cambridge Local and London Matric. Exams., and you would be surprised how hard we can work under a burning tropical sun.

"One thing we lack (Mr. Knight goes on) is a library. Boys here love books as much as boys do in England; but books are scarce, and, owing to the

climate and the insects, the normal lives of books are shortened. We appeal to English boys to send us some of their books. We do not ask for those they do not want; we ask for those they love and cherish, for no gift is worth anything unless it demands a sacrifice. Who will send us one of Henty's or Ballantyne's adventure stories, or one of Western's exciting yarns, or Grimm's Fairy Tales, or any other book known to be really good? Who will pack up one of his favourite books to give pleasure to African schoolboys? The best plan is to send it by Book Post. All parcels bearing the name of a sender will be acknowledged."

We do not doubt that some of our readers will make the sacrifice Mr. Knight suggests. These African boys are being educated to be citizens of the British Empire, and really good tales will help to educate them in the spirit of manly honesty.

## THE MOTORIST PASSING BY

### A Habit That Should Be Stopped

From a Correspondent

A correspondent sends us this note, to which we are glad to give publicity. Such things are within the experience of many motorists.

Is it not time attention was called to a very common practice of certain shopkeepers, mainly fruit-sellers, who have to deal with passing motorists? The habit of putting the best thing on the top of the basket or in the front of the window is easily understood, but a much lower depth is reached in many fruit shops.

The habit is becoming widespread of serving passing motorists with the worst things in the shop. It is thought that as they are strangers passing by nothing is lost by meanness like this.

### Once Too Often

The trick is tried sometimes too often. In a confectioner's shop not a thousand miles from Lee in Kent a lady, catching sight of some tempting cakes, called for some, and found on arriving home that she had been served with a bagful of scrubby hard things unfit for eating. She took them back, and said to the shopkeeper: "You have made a mistake for once. I called for some cakes and you served me with these, thinking that as I was passing in the car I was a stranger and anything would do. I am not a stranger, I pass by frequently, and you will find that this form of robbery will not pay you." There were, of course, profuse apologies, but the lady left the cakes on the counter and will not be robbed at that shop again.

Another case of the kind within the writer's experience is of a greengrocer at Taunton who asked a motorist six shillings for a pound of grapes which could be bought in the next town for two shillings, and put in a bag for four shillings a pound of wretched grapes too dry to eat. It is high time that motorists refused to submit to this sort of cupidity.

## TEN TRAFFIC AREAS FOR ENGLAND

### A New Motor-Map

A new map of England has been drawn by the Royal Commission on Transport, which intends to teach the motor-coaches how and where they should go.

The map divides England into ten areas, each with its own Commissioners, to direct, supervise, and control the traffic. The most crowded area is London, and the most comprehensive is the Western, which will embrace Devon, Cornwall, Somersetshire, and Gloucestershire, reaching to Monmouth. Other areas are the East Midland and the West Midland, the Eastern, the Southern, the South-Eastern (taking in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex), and the Northern. Yorkshire has the distinction of being a district to itself.

In these great districts the Commissioners would fix fares and speed-limits for the coaches and the buses. They would provide that there was no overlapping, and that the times, places, and distances of the public motor-vehicles were suited to public convenience.

There will be some highly necessary provisions for public safety. When a railway accident causes a death there is by law a public inquiry. A public inquiry will now have to be made when a death is caused through a motor-coach or bus.

The Commission foresees that, for good or ill, the motor-bus has come to stay. They are determined to train it in the way it should go.



December 28, 1929

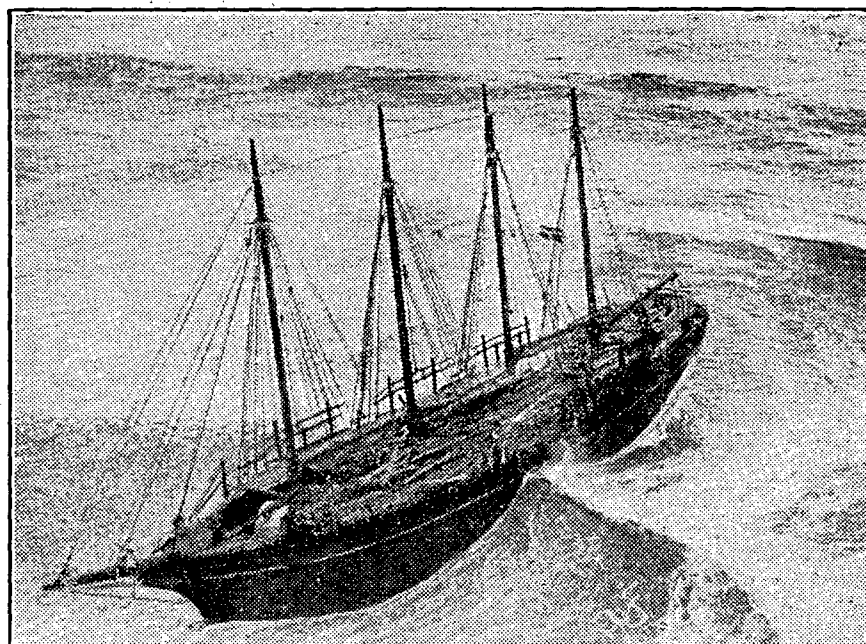
*The Children's Newspaper*

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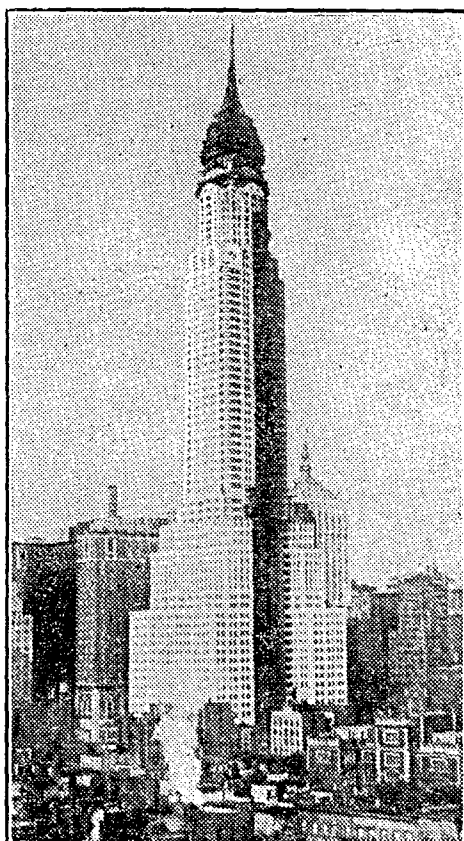
# HEROES OF THE SEA • HORSE AT THE WINTER SPORTS • TALLEST BUILDING



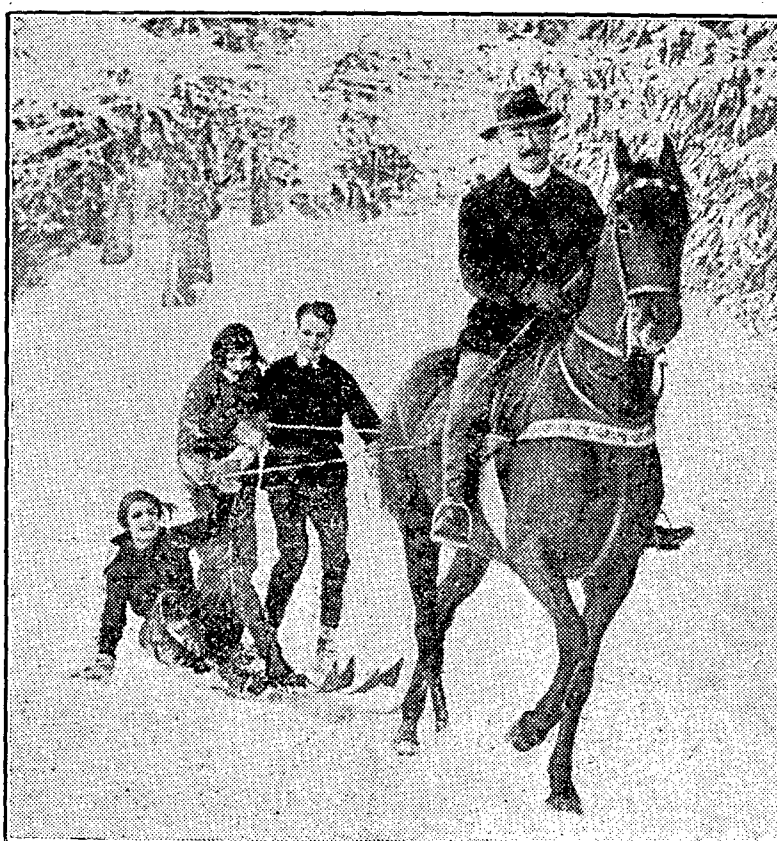
**Heroes of the Sea**—We all admire the splendid and unselfish work of the lifeboatmen who are ready to go out at a moment's notice to the rescue of shipwrecked sailors. During the recent gales scenes like this were common all round the coast.



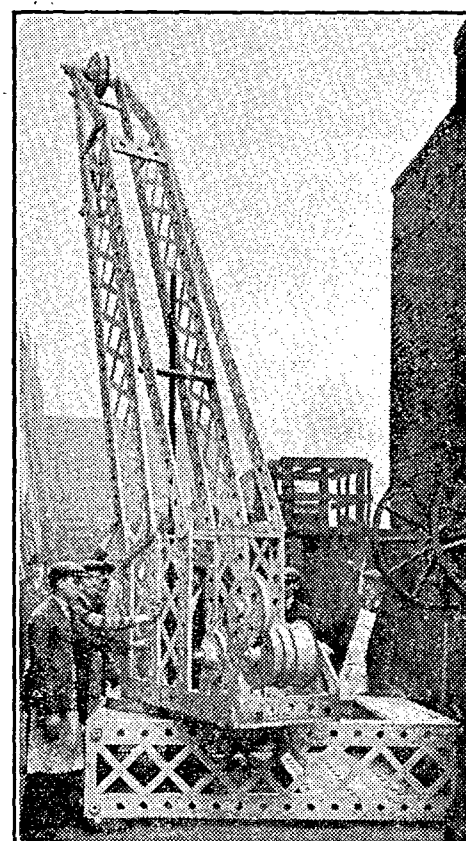
**A Victim of the Storm**—When the storms were at their fiercest in the English Channel the Mogens Koch, a sailing vessel carrying a cargo of timber, was driven ashore at Eyring Gap, Seaford, where she is seen in this picture.



**Tallest Building**—The top of the flagstaff on the Chrysler Building in New York, now nearing completion, is about 1000 feet above the street.



**In the Alpine Snows**—An exhilarating pastime at the winter sports is to be pulled along on skis by a horse, but it is not always easy to avoid a tumble, as one of these girls discovered. The picture was taken at Caux, in Switzerland.



**Meccano Grows Up**—Here is one of the giant Meccano models which is to appear in a scene in this year's pantomime at Drury Lane.



**Caught By The Floods**—Floods have entirely changed the landscape in many parts of the country, as we see by this picture of a main road in Sussex with three people marooned.



**A Fallen Giant**—Hundreds of trees have been blown down by the gales. This one, which fell at Plymouth, had to be hastily cut up and removed as it was stopping all traffic.



## PAINT THE POST OFFICE RED

An Idea for St. Martin's

### THE LITTLE PLACES HIDDEN AWAY

If the Postmaster-General, who promises us brighter post offices, will only make them bright enough to be seen he will deserve his country's gratitude.

At the present moment it is possible to walk the whole length of Tottenham Court Road without sighting a post office. It is, in fact, in a back street, as the policeman, but not the pillar box, will tell one.

The pillar boxes are agreeably bright. Their vermilion hue not only brightens the London streets but makes them far more discernible than post-boxes in any other country of the world.

Why should not the post office advertise its presence as brightly as the pillar box?

#### Lessons in Camouflage

Nothing is easier to pass by without notice than the post office situated in a shop. The shop is most often that of the grocer or the chemist, and is situated for business purposes somewhere in the back regions. But the shop has to be very carefully scanned for any sign that it contains a post office.

In the front window the grocer sets out his teas, his sugars, his biscuits, and his dried fruits so that they cannot be missed, but the post office part of the business is indicated by only a modest square in the corner. Many of our post offices of the smaller kind could teach lessons in camouflage, so successful are they in concealing themselves.

Take care of these little post offices, Mr. Postmaster-General, and the big post offices will take care of themselves. They can nearly always be seen. It is help in finding the little ones that the public needs, and what we need most is a national type of Post Office which can be recognised at a glance by anyone.

## THE FOREST DESTROYERS

A Growing Danger in New Zealand

### GIVING MEN SOMETHING TO KILL

Deer are becoming a nuisance in New Zealand; botanists say they are helping to destroy the native bush.

The forests of the Dominion are carpeted with dense undergrowth, which holds the moisture so necessary for the trees and gives shelter for young plants which are growing up to replace the older trees. Now the deer, which have been introduced to New Zealand from other lands so that so-called sportsmen may have something to shoot, are trampling down the young plants and making tracks through the dense bush.

Nature did not intend animals to trample through the New Zealand forests, for there were no four-footed beasts in the islands until the white man introduced them a hundred years ago. The native bush is very susceptible to injury from dry winds, and where the undergrowth is destroyed the forests cannot live. When the deer open up lanes in the forests the wind sweeps through and saps the life of the trees.

The deer also eat the bark and the tender leaves of native shrubs and trees, and altogether they are a grave menace to the bush. A botanist who has recently examined the bush on Stewart Island, the wild forest-clad island in the extreme south of New Zealand, declares that it is only a matter of time before the lovely dense forests of the island will have been destroyed if steps are not taken to get rid of the deer.

It would be a pity if New Zealand's native bush were to be so badly damaged for the sake of giving men something to kill.

## THE VOICE IN THE DARK

A Hero to Remember

It was a stormy January night when the good ship Warren Hastings was wrecked on the island of Réunion with nearly 1000 troops aboard.

Such perfect discipline and calm were shown that even in the darkness and gale not a soul was lost.

When everybody was thought to be on shore an officer went over the wreck to make certain that he was the last man on board, and presently a voice said, quietly, "Please, sir, am I to stay here?"

Then he discovered Private Roe of the York and Lancaster Regiment standing on guard over the lower decks up to his knees in water.

If it had been necessary, for the sake of avoiding panic, stampede, or danger to the others, Private Roe would have been prepared to remain there and be drowned at his post.

Colonel H. A. May tells this true story in his new book of Memories of the Artists Rifles. It is a tale of something that happened 32 years ago, but it is worth telling again.

The quiet voice asking its question in the darkness is something to remember when the winds howl as they have been doing lately.

## THE OLD OWNERS AND THE NEW

The Fur Bearers

In Paris the pretty little animals that wear fur next to their skin and the pretty ladies who wear it over their other pretty clothes have had the opportunity to meet.

The Ministry of Agriculture and the Natural History Museum have collected a number of the small furry creatures which will never be so charming again as when alive, but when dead furnish the furs a callous fashion asks for the purpose of personal adornment.

Time was when the "bunny rabbit" fur coat was a term of reproach, but nowadays bunny has come to his own, though not allowed to keep it. All sorts of rabbits with all kinds of fur are reared for no other purpose than to make the garment of the fashion of the moment. A "coney coat" sounds better than a coat of rabbit skins. It costs more.

Then there are beaver, skunk, chinchilla, sable, bear, antelope, pony, and even the ass.

All the animals of the world, from the zebra to the tiger, now appear on the Paris Boulevards, or, when their skins are cured and dressed, in Hyde Park and Bond Street, and other places which display the garments of the fair.

## CHRISTOPHER ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

This little note comes from a C.N. home in the historic haunt of ancient peace called Amesbury.

We hope little Christopher will grow up to see the day when there is no hostility between any nation and its neighbours.

Dear Sir, A little time ago I saw your article about the exchanging of French and German families. While I was with a frontier family near Metz there was also a German girl (called Lis) staying there, with whom they were on the best of terms.

Metz (pronounced Mess) is a picturesque old town on the Moselle. It was captured by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War (1870), and recaptured by the French in 1918, though now there is no hostility shown by either nation.

Metz is on the Moselle, a very wide and sluggish river, all the streets cobbled, and it is full of ancient buildings and rather ancient trams.

CHRISTOPHER J. HUGHES (Age 11½)

## WOMEN OF THE MINING VILLAGES

Helping Them to Help Themselves

Under their armour the knights of old wore quilted jerkins.

Armour went out when gunpowder came in, and people took it for granted that quilting would go out too. It is a pleasant surprise to find that this lovely art has been kept alive all these centuries in the cottages of South Wales and Northern England.

From mother to daughter beautiful patterns have been handed down, and while rich folk had ordinary machine-made coverlets for their beds, the miners' wives spread exquisite works of art over their straw mattresses.

Now this lovely needlework has been rediscovered. Everybody, from the Queen downward, wants cushions, couch covers, car rugs, cloaks, and coats made in the delightful way that in bygone times adorned the jerkins of the knights-errant.

#### Return to an Old Art

The Rural Industries Bureau (27, Bedford Square, W.C.1) is welcoming this return to an old art because it gives work to miners' wives in distressed areas. Some of the men have been unable to get work for years, and whole families are underfed, cold, and despairing. When the womenfolk were told that they could earn money by quilting it seemed to them as if a new day of hope had dawned.

The quilt wives never use paper patterns, and vary every design, so everything they make is as original as a picture from an artist's brush. Each is, indeed, a work of art, worthy to keep and bequeath to your children, yet strong, warm, and economical enough for everyday use.

Those who cannot adorn their homes with ancient tapestry or Queen Anne petit point can have this beautiful quilting; and while they enrich their homes they will be helping the poor women of the distressed areas to help themselves.

#### THE OLD HABIT

Most schoolboys collect something for a while. Kálmán Kittenberger collects everything.

When he was first sent to German East Africa for the Hungarian National Museum he sought every sort of specimen, and has spent a lifetime on the task until it has become second nature to him to preserve things.

In his book on Collecting in Africa he tells how he was attacked by a lion and while it was actually mauling him he reloaded his rifle and shot it. One of his fingers had to be amputated. He put it in alcohol and sent it to the museum with the rest of his specimens.

He says the authorities could see the marks of arsenic poisoning under the nail and perceive how busy he had been collecting and preparing things for them. But we think the reason he sent it was that he simply could not break the habit of collecting everything and anything.

## THE POST OFFICE IS BETTER AND BETTER

Generosity is almost a fault with British people, who are apt to leave the rainy day to take care of itself.

Perhaps the new inducements for saving offered by the Postmaster-General will encourage some among us to be more thrifty.

Anybody who wishes may now have more than one Post Office savings account; and another improvement is that £3 instead of £2 at a time may be withdrawn on demand. This can be done at any of the 14,000 post offices at which deposit accounts can be kept. It is also possible to buy an annuity of as much as £300.

## WANTED £100,000

A Chance to Right a Wrong

### THE NATION'S DEBT TO LORD HALDANE

A famous man who was asked to describe his idea of Heaven replied: "The mind always attentive and always satisfied."

For all Eternity he wanted to go on learning. This life is too short; even if a man gets to learn nearly everything about European birds he cannot learn all about all the birds in the world. A lifetime's study will not teach the astronomer enough about stars.

The thinker did not imagine Heaven as a pleasure garden or a hunting ground or a place of music, as the people of the East or the Red Indians do, but as a state of learning.

#### Fun and Profit of Learning

That, surely was Lord Haldane's idea of Heaven. He was one of the noblest English speakers who ever lived, and adult education for our people was the chief passion of his later years. He would go anywhere and speak at the humblest gathering in order to help on that great cause. He believed "that the future progress and power of Britain largely depend on the spread of opportunities for ordinary men and women to study in their leisure hours on what is called the University standard." He could not endure to think that masses of people were cut off at 14 from the fun and joy and profit of learning.

Now his friends want to collect £100,000 as a memorial to him and to spend it all on adult education. It is hoped to endow an institute, provide scholarships, and pay tutors for working people who desire to go on learning after they begin earning. Everybody will wish the fund success.

The nation owes a heavy debt to the memory of Lord Haldane. It treated him shamefully in the war, and if this fund should reach ten times its £100,000 it will not be too much.

## A LITTLE TALE FROM A FAIR

By a Correspondent in the North

The keeper of the black-pudding stall on the fair ground looked very unhappy as she leaned on her stall with her chin resting on her upturned hands. It was a sweltering hot afternoon and trade was slow. No one wanted what she had.

Four ice-cream vendors near her stall were all doing a roaring trade. Indeed it took eight people all their time to cope with their eager customers. The sight of it brought the poor old black-pudding vendor to the verge of tears.

But as she looked up she saw a small ragged child gazing wistfully at her puddings. In a moment she brightened up, and beckoned the little girl, who timidly came to her.

"Did you want a black pudding, dearie?" she asked.

"No, I don't like them," said the child.

So, in despair, she put the proffered pudding back and thought to herself: "I can't even give them away today."

Then it struck her to ask the child why she did not like them.

"Because," was the reply, "I'd like my brothers and sisters to have one too."

"Oh," said the good lady, "that's all right; you just run along and fetch your brothers and sisters."

Instantly the child was off, and soon returned with twenty other children!

The old lady was too astonished for words. At last she exclaimed:

"Surely all these are not your brothers and sisters?"

"Well, anyway," said the child, "that's what the Sunday-school teacher said they are."

The good lady at the black-pudding stall was too much amused to feel angry, and each child had a pudding, and a smile.



## THE MILKY WAY MYRIADS OF SUNS

Light That Takes 30,000 Years  
to Reach the Earth

### TAURUS AND GEMINI

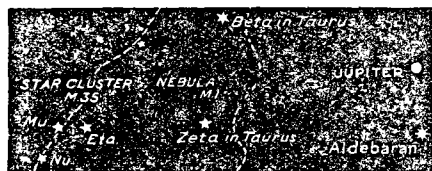
By the C.N. Astronomer

During the dark nights of next week a splendid sparkling region of the heavens may be observed high up in the South, a little to the left of Jupiter.

It is where the Milky Way passes through the adjoining constellations of Taurus and Gemini, an area exceptionally rich in stellar beauty.

Our star-map shows, by the broken line, the outlying limits of the radiant Milky Way, as in last week's star-map of which it is a continuation to the south-east.

Beta in Taurus, which will be recognised from each map, appears at the narrowest part of the luminous belt of the Milky Way near its ill-defined western limits. Beta is the brightest star in this area, radiating about 300 times the light of our Sun. We see, therefore, how



The Milky Way in Gemini and Taurus

immense it must be. It is 8,636,000 times as far away, its light taking 136 years to reach us.

Beta is quite near to us compared with those myriads of suns of the Milky Way whose dim light, which is all that we can see of them with the naked eye, takes from 20,000 to 30,000 years to get to us.

Zeta in Taurus is a far more colossal sun than Beta, and at a distance that appears to be upward of a thousand light-years.

This star will enable us easily to locate one of the finest and most interesting nebulae of the heavens, the so-called Crab Nebula. It lies about twice the apparent width of the Moon to the north-west of Zeta in Taurus, and appears very different when photographed through powerful telescopes.

It has been found to be a vast area of whirling gas far greater than our Solar System, with streamers, the so-called legs, hurled at terrific speed for thousands of millions of miles into surrounding space. The nebula is faintly luminous with a bluish tint.

The heavens throughout this region of Taurus and Gemini will be seen (through glasses) to be strewn with innumerable suns, many arranged in pairs.

### Double Suns

Of great interest is the star Eta in Gemini, which appears to be composed of two suns. The larger sun varies regularly in its light at intervals of 229 days 2 hours, and in a very peculiar way. It has two minima; that is, its light drops alternately from 3.2 magnitude to 3.7, and then, next time, to 4.2 magnitude.

Eta has been found spectroscopically to have another smaller and somewhat distant sun revolving round it. This body, of a different degree of brilliance, alternately gets in front and then later behind this central sun (this is, as seen from the Earth), and so different minima are produced. But we do not see these occurrences till 204 years after they happen, for Eta's light takes this time to reach us.

Mu in Gemini is another star which appears to be composed of two suns. The light from it takes 125 years to reach us.

North-west of Eta, about four times the Moon's apparent width away, is the splendid cluster of suns known as Messier 35.

G. F. M.

## KENT COAL Making the Best of It TILMANSTONE'S BRIQUETTES

A problem of British coal mining as important as satisfying the miners is that of making the best of the coal.

At Tilmanstone in Kent a new process is being successfully conducted which will make Kent coal popular and profitable by turning it into briquettes, or blocks.

Kent coal has had many trials and much to conquer, and the East Kent coalfield, though it now has customers among the manufacturing firms, the cement works, and the paper mills along the Medway, is only beginning to take its place among the older collieries of the country as a profit producer.

Kent coal has suffered from being too soft and too easily broken into small pieces. The defect has been overcome by subjecting the small coal to tremendous pressure and then adding a liquid obtained from the coal itself to bind the whole together.

### A Million Tons Exported

Thus blocks of compressed fuel, all coal, are made and will in future be known as Tilmanstone New Coal. The blocks will be small oblongs, with another egg-shape variety. Briquettes of this pulverised coal are more popular in other countries. Last year more than a million tons of this manufactured coal were exported.

The British housewife is slowly beginning to appreciate the advantages of this pulverised coal, which smokes less than the ordinary contents of the coal-scuttle. Coal, as was said by Sir David Milne-Watson, of the Fuel Research Board, must no longer be thought of as a single substance which we turn into power in factories, or into smoke and fog in London grates. It must be pulverised as is being done in Kent. Ships can handle pulverised fuel almost as easily as oil. It must be made into liquid fuel by low-temperature carbonisation, and the progress of invention in that direction is steady and continuous.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

### Where is the Greatest Ocean Depth?

In the Pacific Ocean, south-west of Japan, near Guam, where a depth of 32,636 feet has been sounded.

### What is the Origin of the Phrase "Ships That Pass in the Night"?

It comes from the first line of the fourth canto in Longfellow's Wayside Inn poem Elizabeth: "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing."

### Who Was the First Person to Discover and Use Coal?

Nobody can say. It is believed by some that when the Romans came to Britain they found the ancient Britons in some part using coal. We know that it was dug under royal licence near Newcastle about 1234.

### What is the Origin of Using Mistletoe at Christmas?

No one can say. It was not used for decorating churches as was holly and ivy because of its association with old Druid rites, and seems to have come into use for the decoration of houses only in the 17th century.

### Who First Made Soap?

Soap is mentioned in the Bible and by classical writers, but it was probably not soap as we understand it but ashes of plants and similar purifying substances. It is believed that soap was first made by the Germans from goats' tallow and beech ash.

### When Was Anno Domini First Used in Dates?

About 527 by Dionysius, surnamed Exiguus, a monk of Scythia and a Roman abbot. It was introduced into Italy in the sixth century, into France in the seventh, into Spain in the eleventh. Its first recorded use in England is in 680.

## OPEN AIR FOR HORSES

A NOTE FOR WINTER  
The Instinct That Remains  
From Ages Long Ago

### THE COW'S INTRODUCTION TO GRASS

By Our Natural Historian

People who live in towns must have been surprised at the course taken by a discussion which has followed an appeal to the public by one of the societies which exist to safeguard the interests of animals.

With the advent of winter they appealed to owners to provide open stables for horses which run loose during the cold weather. Almost unanimously lovers of animals who keep horses at large have replied that horses will not keep to stables or sheds if they have access to the open fields. In so saying they are right.

### Untamed Ancestors

The horse, for all his thousands of years of domestication, remains a creature of instinct. For millions of years his untamed ancestors roamed the plains, as the wild horses of Asia roam the unscreened steppes and tundra today. In innumerable cases sheds and open stables are provided in English pastures for horses wintering in the open. They can enter and leave at will.

Experience shows that they chiefly desire the shelter of a shed or stable during the middle hours of a summer day. They seek its protection merely to escape the flies which haunt the open field. As the sun sinks and the flies go to hiding the horses leave cover and betake themselves to the open.

### In Rain and Snow

During the winter they will go to the shelter if corn or hay is put there for them, but, having eaten it, away they go again. Rain, blow, hail, snow, they will be in the open; it may be under a tree or under a hedge, it may be on the lee side of a fence or stable. If there is no shelter from tree or hedge they will take the open field, turn their backs to the weather, and lie out in comfort and safety as their ancestors always did, and as their Mongolian cousins still do.

A friend of the C.N. who has had horses all his life points out that if these animals are to have this freedom they must not be clipped in advance, but left in enjoyment of the great coat which Nature provides for their health and comfort during winter.

### Influence of Surroundings

A curious thing is that horses which have long been accustomed to stable life take to the freedom of the open as readily, when the chance comes, as tough wiry creatures which come straight from the wilds of fell or wold to be broken into harness.

Cattle are just as faithful as horses to their love for the open and behave in the same way with regard to artificial shelter. They must go out if they can. Yet they can be extraordinarily influenced by surroundings.

A number of heifers which grew up in sheds were taken at last to pasture. They saw and smelled the grass and their appetite stirred, but they attempted to feed at the old height! They munched away at nothing, holding their heads up as if the grass were in invisible racks before them. So their first hour in the fields was spent biting the air. Then, one by one, they lowered their noses to the grass, and the great secret was theirs.

E. A. B.

### The Millions of Books

Since 1911 the number of books issued from free libraries in the United Kingdom has increased from 55 millions to 125 millions a year.



## Bursting with Life and Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—their glorious health is derived from nourishment and from that source alone.

Growing children need a superabundance of those food elements which promote growth and create energy—elements often lacking in the ordinary daily dietary.

Give your children delicious "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage. For "Ovaltine" is all nourishment—health and energy-giving nourishment. This delicious combination of Nature's best foods presents in correct nutritive proportions not only all the vitamins but every other element their little bodies need to build strong bones, straight limbs and sound muscles.

From malt, milk and eggs the nutritive elements are extracted, concentrated and rendered easy of digestion. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than three eggs.

Let your children drink "Ovaltine" every day, in place of tea, coffee and other beverages. Note their sturdy growth, their freedom from illness and the increased energy and vitality they possess. See on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.



## NORWAY HELPS A MANX SCHOLAR A Very Gracious Act

Norway has done an unusual but very charming thing. She has offered a grant from the Nansen Fund to Mr. J. J. Kneen to help him in his studies of the Manx language.

Mr. Kneen, who was born in the Isle of Man, has spent his life in making records of its dialects, in rewriting the best Manx dictionary, and in preserving the antiquities of the island. He has written plays about Manx life and is the leading spirit of the Manx Society.

At present he is trying to get an accurate record of all the place names in the Isle of Man before the old pronunciation is forgotten.

The scholars of Norway cannot forget that many of the place names in the Isle of Man are Norwegian in origin and that Norwegian blood flows in the Manxman's veins.

Norway's is a gracious action and must rejoice the heart of the man who has worked more passionately to save a language than many millionaires have worked to make a fortune.

## CHARLOTTE SHARMAN Mother of Many Orphans

Three score years and ten, said the Psalmist, are the days of our years. Old Miss Charlotte Sharman of Southwark spent nearly as many of her days in mothering orphans.

She has died at 98, and she began her orphanage in West Square, Southwark, when she was thirty. Many days and days well spent were hers, but many were troublous ones for the orphanage, which was often in want of money. But faith was never lacking in her. She prayed for help and it came. Her prayers never failed her. Thirty years ago she made a tremendous effort for her orphanage, collected £25,000 for it, and rebuilt it with three other homes for her orphan family of thousands. More than 4000 orphans were hers. She saw that they were happy and well taught, and she was never content unless she could see them start in life.

Numbers of them must be old people now, but young, middle-aged, or elderly, they all will call Charlotte Sharman blessed Sharman.

## ROBERT BROWNING'S OWL

In the very depths of one of the deepest valleys in Somerset, in a place so remote that it was with the utmost difficulty that we found it, lives an elderly woman who as a child was kitchen-maid in the house of Robert Browning.

The thing which remained most clearly imprinted on her mind was the love of the poet for a pet owl which was his constant companion.

"The owl used to sit on his shoulder when he was writing," she said, "and it would take strands of his hair gently in its beak to make him pay attention."

"Master loved that bird," she went on, "but cook couldn't abide it. She said it had such untidy and destructive ways that it really must be caged and not roam about the house. Master was very upset, as he said he couldn't bear to have it shut up, but to please cook he let her order a wicker cage of a great size, and the owl was put into it. It destroyed the cage within an hour or two."

"Liberty is sweet!" said the owl, "no cages for me," and the poet agreed with it.

## THE THREE AGES

There are three ages of Man. The first is the Age of Observation, when you find out what things there are in the world. The second is the Age of Selection, when you find out your particular gift. The third is the Age of Concentration, when you carry your gift into action.

Sir Henry Hadow

## BOOKS WE LIKE

The Christopher Robin Story Book. By A. A. Milne. Decorations by E. H. Shepard. (Methuen 5s.)

We do not wonder that Mr. Milne and Mr. Shepard have won the hearts of all the world's children. We wish they were both on our staff!

As for Mr. Shepard, his pictures are matchless; we remember a letter that once reached us from the very fringe of the uncivilised world, in the vast lonely spaces of Australia, wishing that the animal life of that part of the wild world could be pictured by the famous artist of Winnie the Pooh.

As for Mr. Milne himself, there is nothing to be said except that he is perfect (or as perfect as we can be in this human world), and this jolly little volume, made up from four of his Christopher Robin and Pooh books, is guaranteed to bring a happy Christmas into every home it comes to.

The World Jamboree. By Claude Fisher. (Boy Scouts Association, 5s.)

Every Scout who was there will want it, and half the Scouts who were not. It is full of just those things that everybody wants to recall and remember of a great event he has taken part in, and it is crammed with pictures.

Everyday Things in Homeric Greece. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. (Batsford, 7s. 6d.)

The things that Marjorie Quennell and her husband like in ancient Greece are the things we like to hear and see. They show us how Odysseus bent his mighty bow and how he built his raft. They tell us about the games that were played and how important they were to ancient Greece, and to the modern world as well, for from Greece the Western peoples inherit the running and jumping and the ball games which are the events of the Olympiads of today. Greek houses, Greek medicine, Greek needlework, are part of our inheritance, and in this attractive volume we may read of their beginnings.

## THE GARDEN

### What Is Kent Doing With It?

Speaking to men of Kent and Kentish men, the Archbishop of Canterbury reminded them in a notable speech of their responsibility for the beauty of the county.

A heritage the people of Kent were bound to keep (said the Archbishop) was the beauty of their county. He had heard of the Garden of Kent before he came to the county, but he was troubled as to what sort of garden it actually was and was becoming.

He did not seem to see himself, as a garden-lover, very willingly putting up hideous coloured petrol pump stations in the most beautiful parts of the garden. He did not see himself choosing the most beautiful points of view on which to erect the most trivial kiosks for the refreshment of passers-by. He did not see himself allowing his garden to be made a place in which all sorts of people could flaunt advertisements.

He thought they would agree that a man who allowed those things in his garden was not a very careful keeper of it. Kent people were pledged by birth to try to maintain the Garden of England, and he appealed to them not to let it slip from their hands.

### Taking Trout for a Ride

Two thousand young trout hatched in Ross-shire were taken a distance of 170 miles by motor-lorry to the Don, near Aberdeen, where the water is of the same temperature as their hatchery.

### The Daily Flight in U.S.A.

The regular flying systems of the United States now cover nearly 100,000 miles a day, one quarter of this being done by night.

## OUR BIRDS ARE SINGING FAR AWAY

All the common English song-birds are to be seen in New Zealand, where they have completely replaced the quaint and beautiful native birds in all the closely-settled districts. They will be singing there now.

A reader of the C.N. in the Dominion tells us that about 130 kinds of birds have been introduced into New Zealand, and about 25 sorts, such as sparrows, starlings, thrushes, and blackbirds, are as firmly established as in their old homes across the sea. In fact, the English birds are so numerous that farmers who grow corn regard them as a nuisance. Of course these millions of birds serve a very useful purpose in keeping grubs and insects in check, as they do in Britain.

But it is a pity that New Zealand's native birds are becoming so rare. The destruction of the forests and the natural vegetation of the plains and swamps to make way for farms has deprived the native birds of their homes and food supplies, so they are now only to be seen in out-of-the-way places.

### Extinct Species

Some species have been so reduced in numbers that they may become extinct. To save the remnant of its native birds the New Zealand Government made laws some years ago to protect them, and now there are signs that at least some species are not only holding their own, but increasing in numbers.

Old settlers can remember the time when grasshoppers and other insects were extremely plentiful and formed the food of many kinds of native birds. During the last fifty years foreign birds, chiefly the common English songsters, have multiplied so rapidly that they soon destroyed the insects, and so the natural food of the native birds disappeared. In the same way the destruction of large areas of natural forests and other vegetation to make way for cultivation has wiped out the food plants and homes of many native insects, which have in turn become scarcer year by year.

The native birds have found it difficult to find food and shelter. The foreign birds have eaten up the native insects, and the farmers have destroyed the haunts of both insects and birds.

### Curious Beaks

But that is not all. Many birds of the New Zealand bush play an important part in the fertilisation of native plants and shrubs, and Nature has provided some of them with curiously shaped beaks for extracting honey from the bush flowers. So the reduction of their food supplies means fewer birds, lessened means of fertilisation, and consequently the gradual destruction of the bush as fewer berries ripen and fall to the ground to spring into new trees.

All this is very disappointing. A New Zealand scientist has declared that it is time drastic steps were taken to prevent further harm to native birds and native plants by imported birds. He says much of the destruction is the inevitable consequence of the advance of civilisation, but he thinks much of it might have been avoided if more care had been taken by the people who introduced birds from Britain many years ago.

The arrival of the white man and his birds, animals, and plants has upset Nature's careful plans in New Zealand.

### An Old Student's Share

An old Oxford student has left £200 to the Treasury, "in payment of his share of the National Debt."

### A Long Voyage for a Million Eggs

A million hen eggs have reached England in a ship from New Zealand.

### A Great Thanksgiving

The Thankoffering Fund for the King's recovery has closed with a total of £689,597 3s. 5d., to be spent for the hospitals or for the National Radium Fund.

## PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

### The Wonderful Billiard Man

Walter Lindrum has come from Australia to find himself acknowledged as one of the greatest men the world has ever known. He plays billiards.

And before anyone asks why playing a game should be accounted greatness, he should inquire how Lindrum learned to play. It was by practice.

He practised eight hours a day, and though he is yet a young man under thirty he has been practising for nearly twenty years, for he began as a boy. If ever genius could be called the capacity for taking an infinity of small pains Lindrum would justify it.

At the same time he must have some special gift, for many professional billiard players have practised most of the day, as he has done, and have failed to rise to his heights. He has made a break of over 3000, and a score of breaks of over 1000 since he came to England. There are only three other players in the world who have made breaks of over 1000 under the same rules.

## GORSE IS KING

### The Golden Glory of New Zealand Wastes

The golden blossoms of gorse are to be seen over tens of thousands of acres of waste land in New Zealand.

Ninety years ago the first English colonists brought with them the seeds of gorse and blackberry to remind them of the Old Country, but these plants soon got out of control, and now scientists are seeking insects and chemicals to destroy them. The New Zealand Government has offered a big reward to anyone who can find a way of destroying the blackberry rapidly and cheaply, but so far no one has come forward to claim it.

The story is told of a party of American naval officers who on visiting New Zealand were greatly impressed with the "scene of golden glory," as they termed the gorse-covered countryside.

"We've nothing like that in America," they declared. It was difficult to convince them that the gorse they admired was an enemy against which every New Zealand farmer's hand was turned.

## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE FARMER

Up till now the farmer has not had much say in the counsels of the League of Nations, though they have had an International Institute of Agriculture in Rome for nearly 25 years, to which 74 countries belong.

Now the needs of agriculture are to be studied by the League, and the Rome Institute is already sharing in the work of the Economic Committee.

But committee work takes time, and in order to hurry up matters experts from 22 interested countries are to meet early in the New Year to make suggestions as to what can be done immediately to remedy the general depression, considering particularly cereals.

## A JOURNALIST OF CHARACTER

We feel that C.N. readers will like to have this tribute by the Recorder of Hanley to Mr. C. P. Scott.

The retirement of Mr. C. P. Scott from the editorship of the Manchester Guardian is a loss to journalism and to his country. He has honesty, clearness, courage, fairness, a sense of duty to the reader and the community.

Probably no single man in the past or present generation has had so beneficial an influence on the character of his countrymen as C. P. Scott. Some of us vainly hope that some of the influence of this class of journalism will continue, but it seems a forlorn hope.



## COLLECTED POEMS OF DR. MACFIE

Collected Poems. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (Humphrey Toulmin, 7s. 6d.)

THE collection of his poems into a single volume by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie was overdue, for, as C.N. friends know, he is one of the most distinctive of our living poets.

There is no doubt where he stands in the turmoil of changeable modern thought. A fearless man, with a mind entirely his own, he is dominated by some quite substantial fundamental beliefs. First, and all the while, he is a poet; but also he is a scientist with a wide range of knowledge, and he has the power to interpret science and express its revelations through poetry.

### Ode On War

"Impossible," some may say who know little of science or of Dr. Macfie; but few or none will say it after reading his tremendous Ode on War, tracing the evolutionary strife by which "the Earth and all that it inhabit" have come to be what they are, from what might seem blind chaos to the blind, on to these days when men, the crown of creative change, see that

Not conquests of great cities,  
Not mastery of great seas,  
But little loves and pities  
Will be their victories.  
Yea, little loves and pities,  
And children on their knees,  
Fair children to inherit  
New soarings of the soul,  
New faculties of spirit,  
As centuries unroll;  
Not arrogant ambitions  
For Empire rich and broad,  
But ever brighter Visions  
Of the wise heart of God.

Yes, this poet steeped in science, and so unlike the usual modern poet with his will o' the wisp wanderings o'er bog and torrent, sees Creation, and all that is worth while in it, leading up to God:

All our knowing,  
Hearing, seeing,  
Or of song, of star, or clod,  
Is a flaming and a flowing,  
Is a blossoming and growing,  
Of the Heart and Mind of God.

On the consciousness that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," this poet takes his stand.

I have no fear, though I am blind;  
I have no fear, though knowing nought;  
I feel a Spirit lives behind  
By whose vast love all life is wrought.

That is a note resounding through these poems, and it is accompanied by another note which completes the harmony—a vital belief that the in-

dividual soul of man lives on through an eternal quest, to be pursued with "Courage leaning on the love of God."

From life, through death, to life I go;  
Each death a larger life I know;  
I die, and yet my soul survives,  
I die, and yet by dying grow.

These beliefs in Creative Love and personal immortality are the firm footings on which the poet takes his stand when he is probing the profoundest problems of existence, and we emphasise them here because so few of the living poets who are heard of oftenest have the courage to face the big realities.

But it would be quite misleading to give the impression that Dr. Macfie is preachy. Not at all. He only shows, by recurrent reference to man's purpose in the scheme of things, that he has found rest for his spirit. Not half a dozen of these poems are formidable in length or gravity. Many of them are graceful lyrical outbursts, for the poet is a master of poetic form, and has a soul attuned to all that is lovely and gracious in man and Nature.

### Public Events

Several of the poems had their origin in public events. Dr. Macfie's university (Aberdeen) was served in impressive verse with a fine devotional pride when its fourth centenary came round. The wreck of the Titanic is pictured with startling power. There are some personal addresses, one to Sir William Watson, with whose finely chiselled workmanship in verse Dr. Macfie's style has some affinities. Here is the reference to the renunciation of war in the Pact of Locarno:

#### A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

A white cloud floated o'er the Lake,  
And from its mist the Dead Men spake,  
Saying: "We persisted for your sake."  
The white cloud floated overhead,  
Bastioned with flame and laced with red,  
"This is our Pact," the Dead Men said.  
Out of the cloud the Dead Men came,  
And to the Pact each put his name  
Written in tears, and blood, and flame.

We of the C.N. are proud to remember that Dr. Macfie has been for many years our comrade, part of us in spirit and in truth, and we bespeak a warm welcome for this very necessary collection of poems. It will grow in value as time winnows the wheat of literature from the chaff, should appeal to all thoughtful readers, and specially to those who see the need for making poetry a handmaid of science and of bringing to science the "more of reverence" which it often lacks.

## SEEING ENGLAND

There is no country like ours on the face of the Earth. It cannot be beaten for the things that are to be seen and the ease with which they can be seen.

A friend of the C.N. has made these odd notes of what he saw on a ride through England.

A room in which the Pilgrim Fathers used to meet.

The room in which Richard the Third signed Buckingham's death warrant.

The room in which Charles Stuart spent his last night free.

A room in which Cromwell paid Scotland £200,000 to give up Charles.

Bunyan's pulpit and the door of Bedford gaol.

John Howard's house.

The cradle of English literature at Whitby, high above the sea.

Twelve trees holding up the roof of York Guildhall and eight trees holding up the tower of Ely.

A Roman lady's hair.

A Tudor house in Lincolnshire inhabited by two railwaymen.

A painted roof at Peterborough bright with colours 800 years old.

The well in which Paulinus baptised King Edwin of Northumbria.

A boulder brought down by ice from Shap Fell into a York garden.

A stained-glass window big enough to play tennis on.

Saxon sun-dials.

The statue of Captain Cook looking out on the first view he had of the sea.

An ichthyosaurus probably about 30 feet long and a little baby one beside it.

This message from King Alfred posted up somewhere in York:

Comfort the poor, protect the weak,  
And with all Thy might right that  
which is wrong.

Lindley Murray's grave and the school for which he wrote his Grammar.

Ely Cathedral with its solemn and indescribable beauty.

Wordsworth's butter-dish.

The great oak of Sherwood Forest.

Two windows of the old Houses of Parliament in a shop in Nottingham.

The Ollerton Beeches and the Clumber Limes in Sherwood Forest.

King John's castle at Newark.

The quiet grave of John Woolman.

The wonderful walls of York.

The home of Laurence Sterne, where he wrote Tristram Shandy.

Two ruined abbeys with a hundred windows open to the sky.

A cathedral altar made of aeroplanes broken in the war.

## THE SLUMS ARE COMING DOWN

The monthly companion of the C.N. (My Magazine) stands in a class by itself; it is popular with every member of the family. Here are a few of the contents of the January number, now on sale everywhere.

### Two Friends Over the North Pole

The Stirring Account of Two Flights into the Frozen North

### The Slums Are Coming Down

The Splendid Story of What is Happening to Many of Them

### Animals That Have Made History

An Interesting Nature Talk

### Why a Fool Can Do a Clever Thing

### Come to Scotland

A Run Through the Little Country of Great Scenes and Fine People

Make sure of your copy by buying it now. Ask for

## MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

One Shilling

## IF YOU KNOW OF ANY ILL-USED OR NEGLECTED ANIMAL PLEASE TELL THE R.S.P.C.A.

(Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals)

all about it, The address is 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. The R.S.P.C.A. will attend to the suffering animal at once—free of charge, of course.

## THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

HACKNEY ROAD, LONDON, E.2. — and — LITTLE FOLKS HOME, BEXHILL. PRESIDENT H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

### Thousands of Families

feel the benefit of the work of this Hospital every year.

### Thousands of Children

are restored to health in its Wards and Out-patient Departments.

### Thousands Reap the Benefit

of its ministrations throughout their lives.

Each In-patient costs about £13 9s. and stays about 25 days.

The parents are able to provide (either by personal gift or through contributory associations) on an average, about £1 8s. towards this expenditure.

## What About the Balance?



# THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 27

### The Return

PETER had traversed the corridor and turned down the passage to the right when he saw a dark patch against the dim light of the window at the end. While he stared, this patch resolved itself into a figure, a shadowy figure silently moving ahead of him.

Instinct brought Peter to a stop. He held his breath, peering. And then the figure melted before his eyes.

Feeling that it had disappeared round the corner, he began to creep after it as fast as he dared. But when he came round the corner it had gone. There was nothing in front of him save the long silent passage.

Then a sound reached his ears. It was that of a door being closed gently.

One of the doors in this passage! Who slept up here?

Peter's heart stood still. He remembered who slept here. There was only one bedroom occupied on this passage.

He strode to it. He pushed the door wide and went in. Nothing on earth would have stayed him from going in now. At any cost he would know why that furtive figure had been prowling through the house.

Mr. Scharner was sitting on the side of the bed, fully clothed, removing a drenched pair of boots, when the intruder entered. Something flickered in his eyes which was more than amazement, but only one light was on and his face but half raised. Then, as he turned the flickering eyes full on Peter, a curious glint touched them before they filled with annoyance.

"How dare you enter my room without knocking?" he flared.

Peter, standing very straight with his chin up, answered: "I caught sight of somebody stealing along the passage—"

"And why weren't you asleep?"

"I couldn't sleep," Peter said.

"But what are you doing roaming about the house?"

"I couldn't sleep," Peter said again. "I was restless."

"Well?"

"Well, I didn't know who it was till I heard your door close. And then I couldn't be sure."

"You thought it might be somebody else?"

"For all that I knew!"

"Who might it have been? Somebody coming to rob me? Is that your idea?"

"I don't know," said Peter.

Mr. Scharner wrenched the remaining boot off with a jerk, and, gliding across the room in his stocking feet, turned on the other two lights and eyed Peter closely. And then he laughed.

"You don't know! Of course you don't, Peter!" he said. "My dear lad, have you taken leave of your senses? Whatever should make you suppose there's a thief in this house!"

"Nothing, sir," said Peter. "I didn't suggest that."

"Then pray what are you suggesting?"

Peter drew a deep breath. In their mutual positions it was hard for him to put his challenge into words. So instead he looked his tutor full in the face first, and then let his gaze travel significantly and slowly from the sopping overcoat flung on a chair to the suit of dark tweeds which the other was wearing. And as slowly he uttered: "You went up to bed with the rest, sir."

Mr. Scharner's smile did not fade.

"And so I did. To satisfy Major Ferne. But, as you've perceived, I didn't stay here doing nothing. For imagine! Could I leave myself out of the search when our dear host is lost? No, Peter! I rather hope I'm too much of a man." The spare frame had drawn itself up, the thin voice rose fervently.

Peter felt crushed.

"You've been searching?" was all he could utter.

"Naturally. Four parties are better than three." Mr. Scharner drew an electric torch from his pocket. "My torch and I made the fourth party," he remarked. "And I'm forced to believe that we've all been wasting our time; that, as Mrs. Grevel thinks, the Colonel must be staying the night with some friend. How he'll laugh at us tomorrow when he comes back! And now run away. I want to get into bed."

So instead of going down to see Major Chris Peter returned to his room, where he fell asleep instantly. But the excitement he had undergone throbbed in his brain; dreadful dreams overtook him, and waking from one with a start he found that he had

been sleeping barely an hour. He slipped his dressing-gown on again and crept out.

He crept to the gallery overlooking the hall. Leaning over it and craning his head, he could see the invalid chair with its motionless occupant, and was looking round for Odin until he remembered that Abbot had taken the great Dane off with himself. The fire was dying. The silent man in its warmth sat huddled forward, with drooping head and closed eyes.

Peter kept very still, not to wake Major Chris. But simultaneously those veiled eyes shot open and their piercing look went straight to the gallery.

"I might have known he wasn't asleep," Peter whispered, and was starting to descend the staircase when he stopped, trembling violently, as the prolonged and poignant howl of a dog filled the house.

It ceased. But Peter stood, with his heart in his mouth, aware at the same time that the silent figure below was sitting upright with both hands gripping the sides of his chair. A few moments' awed silence; and then, from overhead, again that long wail, rising up and up, and awful to hear.

"Quick!" Major Chris cried.

Peter understood and dashed down the staircase. But ere he could reach the bottom he was almost swept off his feet as the great Dane, baying furiously and dragging a length of snapped chain, rushed past him and straight to the door. When Peter gained the door and had drawn back the bolts he found a body lying sprawled on the threshold.

It was Colonel Grevel, his limbs in a huddle, his head on his arms. Peter touched him and whispered his name, but no movement responded. And as Peter was stooping something sang through the air with a ping, passing between the unconscious man's head and his own, and embedding itself with a deep impact in the oak door. It would not appear that anyone else could have heard this, yet the voice from the chair rang out feverishly: "Quick, Peter! Drag him in! Quick, man!"

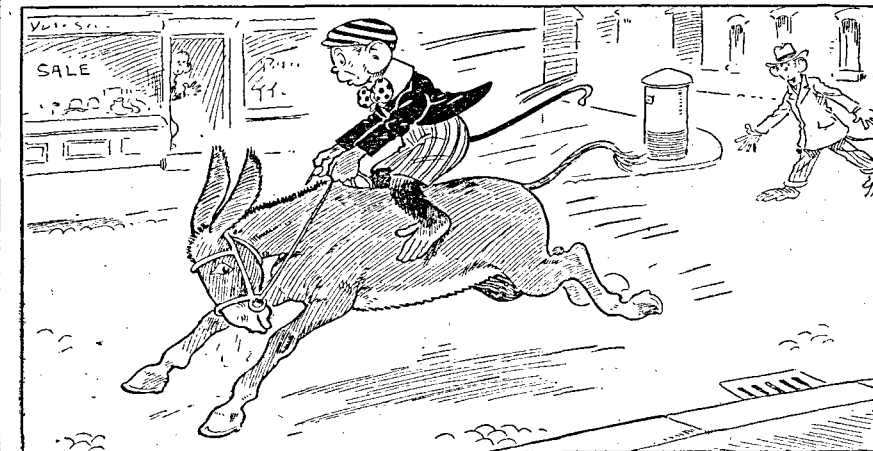
And the moment that the insensible form was within: "Now fasten the door, Peter! Shoot the bolts!"

## JACKO FETCHES THE DOCTOR

THE cold weather didn't agree with Mother Jacko. She said she hated it. It not only made her feel uncomfortable, but it gave her a cold in the head and, what was worse, a very bad cough.

Father Jacko declared that the cold was healthy and never did anybody any harm.

"It's all very well for those who can stand it," began Mother Jacko; and then she had such a fit of coughing that she couldn't say another word.



"Steady, old boy!" coaxed Jacko, soothingly

"Well, well!" said her husband, "you've certainly had that cough long enough. Better send Jacko for the doctor."

And Jacko went. But on the way he met a man leading a mule.

"That's a nice-looking beast," observed Jacko pleasantly.

"He's got a frightful temper," said the man. "Most mules have."

"That depends on how you handle them," Jacko said. "I reckon he'd let me ride him."

"You'd better not try," cried the man. "He'd have you off before you were on."

## CHAPTER 28

### Peter Does Some Repairing

COLONEL GREVEL was alive, but insensible. Peter had just settled him on his back, with a cushion beneath him, when Mrs. Grevel, roused by the great Dane's first howl, came down the stairs. With a glance she thanked Peter, who surrendered his place to her. Licking his master's hand, Odin crouched at the other side.

The Colonel's eyes were closed. His breath came unevenly. They could mark that his coat was ripped from collar to hem, that his mouth was cut and a bruise discoloured his forehead. A little trickle of blood remained on his chin.

"Quick! A sponge!" Mrs. Grevel said. When Peter had brought this and while she was sponging the blood away, the unconscious man showed symptoms of coming round. He began to mutter something in broken tones. Immediately, to Peter's considerable astonishment, Mrs. Grevel began to speak also, and loudly.

Peter wondered. Although her face was white and distraught she had raised no outcry nor did her self-command falter. It was obvious that she held a great check on herself. As Abbot entered in a flurry of trepidation she heard his step and spoke to him over her shoulder.

"There are no bones broken," she said. "He will soon be all right, Abbot. Go and fetch a man to help you to lift him and carry him upstairs. Wait and bring the man back with you."

Abbot turned and went. Major Chris warned Peter to silence. But, without so much as raising her glance to them, Mrs. Grevel remained on her knees by her husband, stilling all that he murmured in his unconsciousness.

She rose to her feet and spoke without agitation when Abbot returned, with Budgett, who looked very curious.

"For once your master lost himself," she announced, addressing then both and looking them straight in the face. "Yes, for once he utterly lost himself on the moor, and all night he has been wandering round in a circle. He must have had a fall in the Devil's Chimney, for see how his coat is torn and that bruise on his forehead. Carry him up to my room."

So steady her voice was; yet Peter fancied her limbs shook.

"Not he!" said Jacko. And he ran up to the animal and swung himself on to its back.

The mule, as soon as it had got over its surprise, flung up its head and started away at a gallop.

"Steady, old boy! You're all right, you know," coaxed Jacko soothingly.

The mule's reply to these kind words was to fling up its hind legs and shoot the interloper over its head.

She followed them as they carried their burden upstairs; then a door was heard to close, and the two men came down again. As they descended, speaking in hushed voices, Peter heard Abbot saying to Budgett, "Well, all's well that ends well." Then only did Peter's eyes dwell on his companion's.

"She's a brave woman, Peter. She is hiding something," he uttered.

Then Peter whispered of that which had sung past his head. "But Mrs. Grevel couldn't have heard it," he mused.

"No," agreed Major Chris, "she couldn't have heard it. She did not hear it." He paused and looked carefully about him. "But she guessed it," he added, in such a low tone that Peter missed the words and continued eagerly:

"Colonel Grevel didn't hear it either, because he was unconscious. Oh, I'm glad that nobody heard it but me!" And he there stopped and stared. Why was Major Chris smiling? "You don't look astonished, Major Chris!" he protested.

"No," said Major Chris quietly. "I heard it as well."

"You couldn't have heard it! How could you?" Peter exclaimed.

That whimsical and faintly wistful expression with which he always alluded to his disablement displaced the smile on the other's face as he answered: "Friend Peter," he said, "my legs are not all that they used to be. But I've still got my ears."

Then Peter understood. He wondered no longer. So that was why Major Chris had called to him so urgently.

"Major Chris, why wasn't there any report?" he asked presently.

"Because the pistol was fitted with a silencer."

"It was fired from close range then?"

"From quite close range, Peter. From the bushes in the drive."

"Do you think Colonel Grevel will tell us tomorrow what happened?"

"Tomorrow!" Major Chris mocked.

"It's tomorrow already. You go to your bed and sleep as hard as you can. No, I'll wheel myself." He was slowly propelling his chair. "You mustn't expect to see me till tea-time, Peter, and then—with a glance at the gallery—keep your ears open. But your mouth shut, Peter. We only know what we saw. And we only saw Colonel Grevel fallen exhausted. We know nothing of bullets, remember."

Peter said to himself, "But I'll find that one in the door."

And there and then, directly he was alone, he withdrew the bolts and, stepping out cautiously, began to search for the place where the bullet had struck. In a moment he found it. The hard oak had scarcely been splintered, but the bullet had crushed in and been lost in its thickness. With a probe or even a knife he might retrieve the bullet.

He meditated on this, but dared not proceed for making the damage immediately visible. Then a different thought struck him. He gathered a little moist earth and charily, like a mason applying his mortar, he filled up the bullet's path and smoothed the oak's surface. "It won't last," he said to himself, "but that's better, at any rate. There's nothing to show now." With which he went up to bed.

It was nothing uncommon for people to get lost on the moor, and at tea-time, when they were assembled again in the hall, Colonel Grevel looking pale and tired among them, it appeared at once that such had been his experience. He had blundered, he told them, into the Devil's Chimney, where he had fallen and hurt himself, emerging so dazed that he must have started again in a wrong direction which had carried him farther and farther from his goal. The high wind had troubled him.

"It was terrible on the moor. It blew me about till at last I was just stumbling blindly on," he declared.

Mr. Scharner uttered, "No wonder you were deat beat."

"No wonder at all! In fact, when I reached my own door I collapsed, as Peter will tell you. He picked me up."

"Yes, so I hear," Mr. Scharner said, looking at Peter.

"I was actually unconscious, wasn't I, Peter? I must have struck my head on the door as I fell. Fell flat and struck my wretched head on the door." Colonel Grevel was laughing. "Well, that's a lesson!" he ended. "No more roaming about the moor after dark!" He touched his swollen lip and the bruise on his forehead. "And no more scrambling about the Devil's Chimney. Charity, that's a lesson for you!"

It was Major Chris who replied.

"Charity will learn that lesson," he stressed. "She will keep away from those horrible rocks in the future. Well, you gave us a scare," he added to Colonel Grevel.

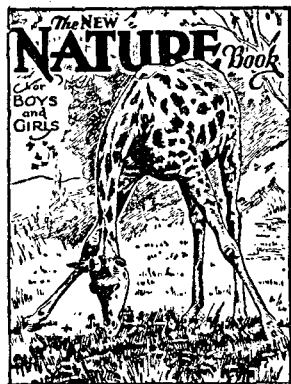
TO BE CONTINUED



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*Easy to Pack—Cheap to Post—  
Certain to Please*

Here is a splendid selection of Gift Books for boys and girls of all ages. Something you will like and something for your sister; something for your little brother. These books are packed with the jolliest stories, pictures, jokes, puzzles, riddles and games and are superbly illustrated. Most of them contain beautiful colour plates and many pages are printed in colours. They are strongly bound in bright coloured covers.



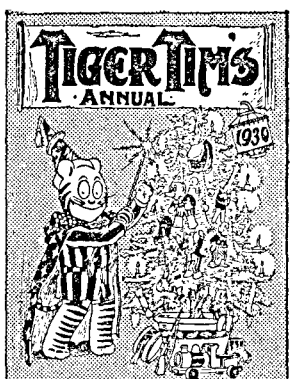
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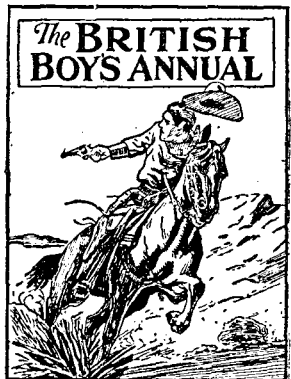
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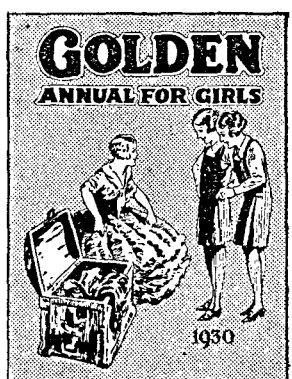
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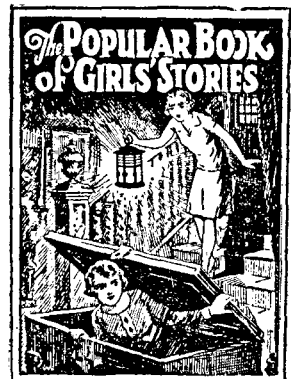
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## Forward the Health Brigade!

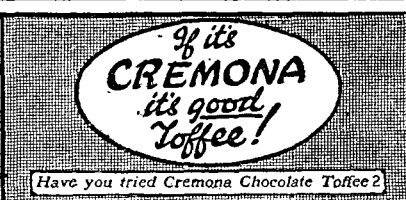
You shouldn't wait to be told to wash. It's up to you. Besides, Mother always keeps Lifebuoy handy. And Lifebuoy is such a manly soap. Dad uses it himself.

Why do you think he prefers Lifebuoy? It's because there are harmful microbes lurking wherever there is dirt. You can't defend yourself against them alone—but there is always Lifebuoy to help you. Lifebuoy deals instantly with all germs and impurities. It's always working to protect you from danger—always ready to wage war against the enemies of health—for your sake and dad's.

## Lifebuoy Soap - for health

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

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Have you tried Cremona Chocolate Toffee?



A Jolly Magazine  
for Boys and Girls.

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STORIES—ARTICLES  
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MONTHLY - - 1/-



MADE AT HOME

GOOD  
its  
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Delicious, warming, cheering. A 9d. bottle of Mason's Essence makes 100 glasses of Ginger Wine—as good as Ginger Wine can be.

Buy a bottle to-day from your GROCER, STORES or CHEMIST, or send 1/- and we will post a bottle and give you name of nearest agent.

NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd., NOTTINGHAM



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 28, 1929

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year (Canada 14s.)



## THE BRAN TUB

### Mabel Remembers Her Friends

MABEL has sent Christmas cards to all her friends. During the year she has made nine new friends to whom she wishes to send them, and she also wishes to remember all her old acquaintances. Last year when her cards cost 2d. each and the postage stamps 3d. each, she spent 5s. This year she has bought more expensive cards and has spent 11s. How much more did each card cost this year? *Answer next week*

### Wild Flower of the Week

#### The Winter Aconite

THIS little plant, which begins blossoming at this season when there are so few flowers, is called by botanists *eranthus*, a name made up from the Greek words *eros*, spring, and *anthos*, a flower. The stem is from four to six inches high and bears a solitary golden-yellow flower. While it is found growing wild, the winter aconite is quite a common garden plant.



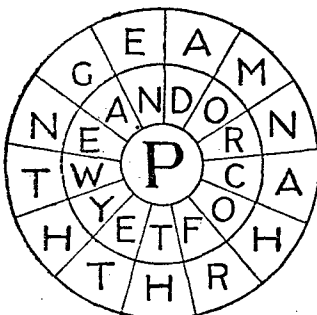
### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE marsh titmouse and the wren have begun to sing again. Larks are congregating. The nuthatch is heard chattering. The slug appears on sunny days. The winter aconite is found in flower.

### A Word Square

THE following definitions indicate four words which, when placed one below the other, form a square of words. Solid part of the Earth's surface; measurement; close to; pointed missile. *Answer next week*

### A Carol Puzzle



BEGIN at the letter P in the centre and spell out a line from a well-known carol by reading from one space to the next in any direction, including diagonally. Each letter, of course, is used once only. *Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-East, Uranus is in the South, and Mercury is in the South-West. No planets are visible in the morning. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on January 3.



### Ici On Parle Français



En hiver la plage est abandonnée. C'est l'abeille qui fait le miel. Il prend un bain dans la baignoire.

### Is Your Name Cossier?

THIS surname is derived from the old word *Corviser*, which meant a worker in Cordovan leather. No doubt an ancestor of the present-day Cossers was a leather-worker, and his descendants acquired as a surname this trade description of their forefather.

### What Am I?

MY first is in stone but not in brick,  
My second is in fasten but not in stick,  
My third is in gay but not in smile,  
My fourth is in rasp but not in file,  
My fifth is in add but not in take,  
My sixth is in broil but not in bake,  
My seventh is in last but not in end,  
My eighth is in sag but not in bend,  
My ninth is in soft but not in hard,  
My last is in singer but not in bard,  
My whole, as you will quickly see,  
Is a Christmas game that's played with glee. *Answer next week*

### Facts

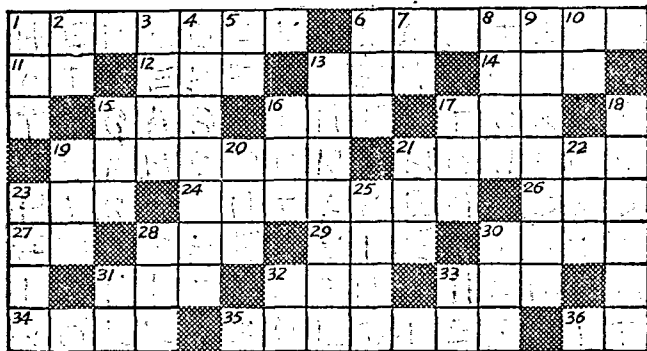
LONDON contains seven thousand miles of water mains. Street cleaning in this country costs ten million pounds a year. The dome of St. Paul's weighs about 68,000 tons.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Christmas	Reversed
Dinner Problem	Acrostic
100; 2s.	P res S
A Word Sum	R etrea T
Nose+Tray+Toe	E leve N
+ Pig - Gin =	S ieg E
Spray.	E xces S
Found in The Stocking	N o n E
Sugarstick,	T owe R
Sweets, Toys,	S har P
Candy, Knife,	
Pencil-case, Nuts,	
Orange.	

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



READING ACROSS: 1. Poisonous plant. 6. Belonging to the East. 11. Preposition. 12. To recede. 13. A kind of vase. 14. Retreated hurriedly. 15. An elastic fluid. 16. A unit. 17. A high pointed rock. 19. Spite. 21. A batsman's opponent. 23. An oblong mass of metal. 24. Not seized. 26. Child's name for father. 27. Exists. 28. A mineral consisting of a metal and other substance. 29. To carry on rivalry. 30. A particle of dust. 31. A confused mass of type. 32. Wild animal's lair. 33. A smoked food. 34. To turn over and over. 35. A fighting man. 36. Pronoun.

READING DOWN: 1. A head-covering. 2. French for AND. 3. Meagre. 4. Unnoticed. 5. Companion of the Bath\*. 6. Before. 7. Indefinite article. 8. Think. 9. A title of honour. 10. Royal Navy\*. 13. Disentangle. 15. A thing thrust into the mouth to prevent speech. 16. Not in. 17. A heavy weight. 18. Eager. 19. The edge. 20. Single. 21. A busy insect. 22. Devour. 23. Two. 25. Benevolent. 28. To lubricate. 30. To spoil. 31. Poet Laureate\*. 32. To accomplish. 33. Third person singular.

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Breaking It Gently

JACK: Guess what I'm buying you for Christmas, Dad?  
Father: I'm sure I can't. What is it?  
Jack: A shaving mug.  
Father: But I have one already, old chap.  
Jack: You haven't, father; I've just broken it.

### Dodging His Doom



CROAKED a turkey: "Don't think it's a whim. If you see me attempting to slim. Father Christmas is here, And I wish to appear Quite unfit to do honour to him!"

### The Very Next

GOING to some friends to spend Christmas a traveller found that, arriving late at a junction, he had missed the connection to the village he wanted. "What time is the next train to Mudcombe?" he asked a porter. "Four o'clock, sir," was the reply. "Nothing before then?" "No, sir. We never run one before the next."

### Proof Positive

SOME singers of doubtful ability were trying a few Christmas carols in the street. After a few minutes one of them asked: "Do you think they can hear us?" "Oh, yes," replied another. "Somebody has just closed a window."

### No Reflection

PUNCTUALITY was not Old Sambo's strong point, and when he arrived later than ever one morning his master angrily demanded the reason. "Well, sah," said Sambo, "Ah jumped out o' bed early dis morning as usual, an' when Ah looked in de mirror Ah couldn't see no Sambo; so Ah thought Ah must hab gone to work. Ah do you know, sah, it wasn't until some time later dat Ah discovered dat de glass had fallen out ob de frame!"

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MARY was staying with Auntie Anne, and auntie had had to go out for the day. Mary pressed her face against the window-pane and wished something would happen. And then she saw a van stop at the gate and the man bring a parcel up to the house. "I wish it was a parcel for me!" she thought. In a minute old Ellen brought the parcel in. It was addressed to Miss Mary Scott. "Seems it's for you, missie," she said. "It has no address on, but the man thought he'd try here." "For me?" cried Mary, "whatever can it be!" Ellen helped her to undo the package, and there inside

was a lovely birthday-cake, with Mary in iced letters on it. Mary's face fell. "It can't be mine," she said slowly; "it isn't my birthday." Ellen was as surprised as Mary; then she suddenly slapped her apron. "What a stupid I am!" she cried. "It must be Mrs. Scott's little girl down the road. Her name is Mary, and I never thought of it!" "Then it isn't for me?" said Mary falteringly. "No, I'm afraid it's little Mary Scott's, missie," said Ellen. "I'd run along with it this minute only I'm not changed yet." "I'll take it to her, if you like," said Mary bravely.

"Will you, Miss Mary? It's only the third house down the road." And so Mary went.



"It can't be mine," she said. Mrs. Scott opened the door. "This parcel was left at Miss Cameron's, my auntie's,

## THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEL

this morning, by mistake," explained Mary very shyly. "Oh, I thought it was my cake!" cried a little girl. "It is," said Mary, "only I opened it. You see, it says Mary Scott; my name's Mary Scott too." "Thank you very much for bringing it," said Mrs. Scott smiling, "we were getting quite anxious about it. I didn't know Miss Cameron had a little niece," she added. "Mummie," cried the little girl, "can't the other Mary Scott come to my birthday-party, too?" "Of course," said Mrs. Scott, "if she would care to." She did; that was how they shared the birthday-cake.



One, two, three, four, five,  
Johnny caught a fish  
alive

Why didn't he let it go?  
Because it took his fancy  
so

H.P. Sauce and Johnny's  
fish

Made a very dainty dish.

Ask your Grocer for H.P.—the nicest  
Sauce of any.